THE CANADIAN

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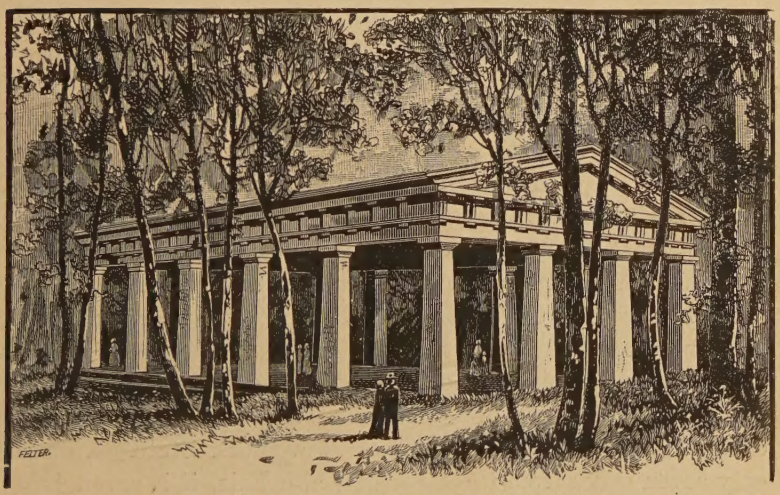
JANUARY, 1886.

THE CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY.



THE HALL OF PHILOSOPHY, CHAUTAUQUA.

THE most notable summer assembly in the world unquestionably is that at Chautauqua Lake, in western New York. Its fame has filled both hemispheres, and visitors who have been drawn across the broad Atlantic by the report of its manifold attractions have confessed, like the Queen of Sheba, that the half has not been told them. The inspiring genius of this great institution is the Rev. John H. Vincent, D.D. Dr. Vincent is the honoured Secretary of the Sunday-school Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, and editor-in-chief of the Sunday-school literature of his Church. He was born in Alabama in the year 1832, and is therefore in the full vigour of his prime.

Imagine a medium-sized, neat, gentlemanly figure; mobile face; bright, quick eyes; well-formed head, whose symmetry is more apparent from partial baldness, and you have Dr. Vincent before your mind's eye. He is alert and sprightly in manner, very fluent in utterance, and has a finely modulated voice, which, however, he seldom uses in its full compass. His addresses abound in happy illustration, sometimes humorous or pathetic; and in answering the questions publicly asked him on all manner of topics, he exhibits wonderful readiness, shrewdness, and "sanctified common-sense," often lit up with rare flashes of spontaneous wit. Intense earnestness, a deep spirituality, profound study of his subject and of human nature, broad sympathies and thorough geniality are the striking characteristics of the man. On his election to the prominent position which he occupies, he travelled extensively in the Holy Land, that he might be the better prepared for the discharge of the duties of his office. He is universally regarded by his brethren as one of the leading, if not the very foremost, Sunday-school worker in America. He is the chief originator both of the International Lesson system and of the Chautauqua Assembly. This institution owes most of its success to his organizing genius, the evidences of which are stamped upon every department of its operations.

Lake Chautauqua is a beautiful sheet of water, twenty-four miles long, varying from two to four miles wide, situated in the extreme south-western portion of New York State. Though only seven miles from the shore of Lake Erie, it is seven hundred feet above that lake and fourteen hundred and fifty feet above the sea level. It is the highest navigated water on the Continent. The air is peculiarly pure and salubrious, and the scenery of the lake is of unsurpassed loveliness. Wild and picturesque hills, mirrored on the bosom of the calm waters, deep embowered bays, and rich pastoral slopes green or golden with the summer grain, present a panorama of ever-varying beauty.

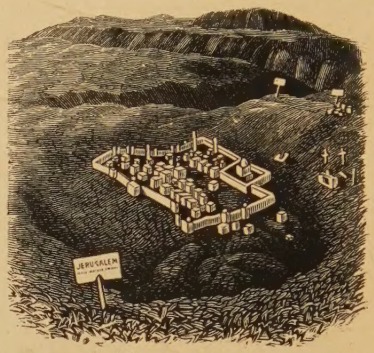
Fairpoint, where the Assembly is held, is a somewhat level cape, jutting out into the lake, about three miles from Mayville. The grounds are covered by a magnificent growth of stately forest trees. As one approaches by steamboat from Mayville, the gleaming tents, the picturesque cottages and pavilions,

the waving banners, and the background of vivid foliage make a *coup d'œil* of striking beauty. The entrance to the Assembly grounds from the steamboat landing is through a broad and picturesque gateway, adorned with appropriate mottoes, flags, and other decorations. The grounds are beautifully laid out with parterres of flowers and winding walks, a fountain, and

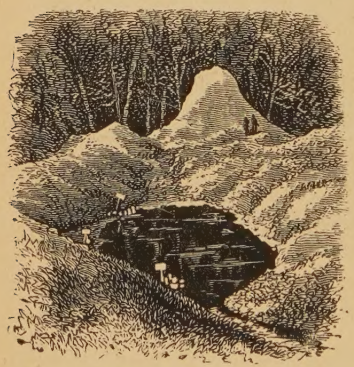
DR. VINCENT'S COTTAGE, CHAUTAUQUA.
(On the Line of the Erie Railway.)

rustic seats. To the right is situated the model of Jerusalem, constructed as were the other models, under the direction of Dr. W. W. Wythe, who exhibits great skill in this department. The Jerusalem model is made to the scale of 1-300 of the actual size. All the principal buildings are shown, with the walls and streets of the city and its surroundings. One can get herefrom a very vivid conception of the structure and appearance of the holy city,—the beautiful for situation; the joy of the whole earth.

To the left may be seen the model of an Oriental house, with its peculiar architecture, furniture, utensils, and upholstery. In the second storey is an admirable museum of Oriental costumes, ornaments, household utensils, and numerous other objects of interest. Courteous attendants, dressed in Eastern garb, heighten the illusion that we are in some Syrian home. Somewhat to the south lies the Palestine Park, which is one of the chief attractions of the Assembly ground. This is a model, in high relief, of the Holy Land. Its size is about two hundred and fifty feet from the barren shores of the Dead Sea in the south, to Mount Hermon in the north, and from the Mediterranean, represented by Lake Chautauqua, in the west, to the Syrian desert in the east, will be probably half as great a distance. The contour of the surface has been elevated or depressed as much as necessary in order to show the mountains and valleys, seas and rivers, plains and deserts as they actually appear to the traveller. Hermon is the most conspicuous point, and the snowy summit of that hoary mountain is represented by a white capping of plaster of Paris. The silver windings of the Jordan may be traced in the flowing of a living stream, while the waters of Merom, Gennesaret, and the Dead Sea are shown in their proper relative proportions and altitudes. The sites of the principal towns, rivers, plains, and mountains are also indicated. As one walks, Bible in hand, with the Syrian guide through the miniature Palestine, he gets a more vivid conception than by months of reading of



JERUSALEM.



GENNESARET.

"Those holy fields
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet

Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter cross."

Several prominent features of this park are indicated in the accompanying engravings.

In the rear of the auditorium, on a slight elevation, is an admirable model of the Jewish Tabernacle—about half the size of the original as described by Moses. Within is a fair representation of the holy and most holy places, with the ark of the covenant, table of shew bread, seven-branched candlestick, and other sacred contents of the tabernacle.

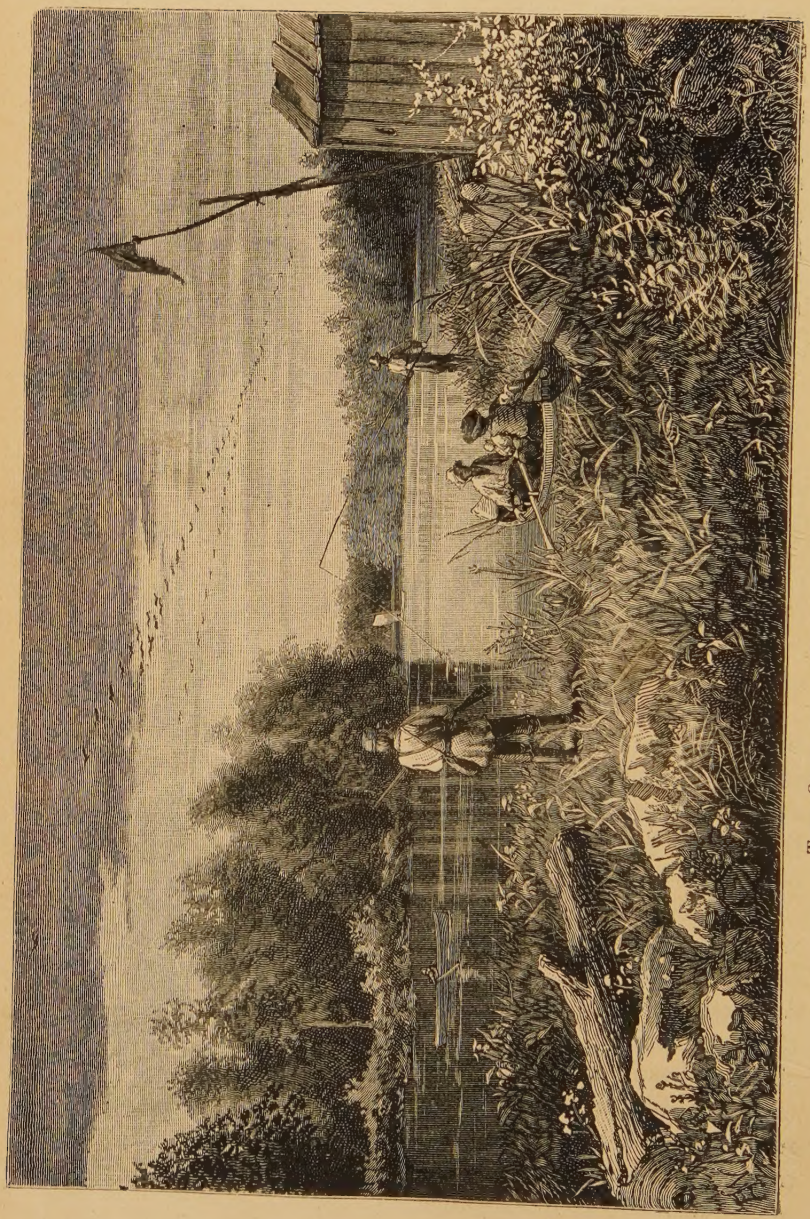
Dead Sea.

The grand auditorium will accommodate 6,000 persons. As viewed from the grand stand this great congregation is an inspiring sight. The singing especially, under trained leadership, seems to lift the soul on billows of sound, like the voice of many waters, to the very gate of heaven.

Though only established in the year 1874, the Chautauqua Assembly has already given a great stimulus to the study of the Scriptures and of the best methods of Sunday-school work. Courses of lectures on social, scientific, and Biblical topics have also been organized with great success. So full and varied have these courses been that the Assembly has already won the name of the Summer University of Chautauqua.

The chief study at Chautauqua is the Bible and whatever will throw light upon the sacred page. A series of compendious text books have been prepared on Biblical, Sunday-school, literary and scientific subjects. Whoever will thoroughly master these and pass the examination thereon will have received no small assistance toward the better comprehension and teaching of the Word of God. Devotional meetings, teachers' institutes, normal classes, mothers' meetings, and the like, furnish a full and varied programme of exercises.

But summer life at Chautauqua is not all work and no play. Quite the reverse. The most ample provision is made for



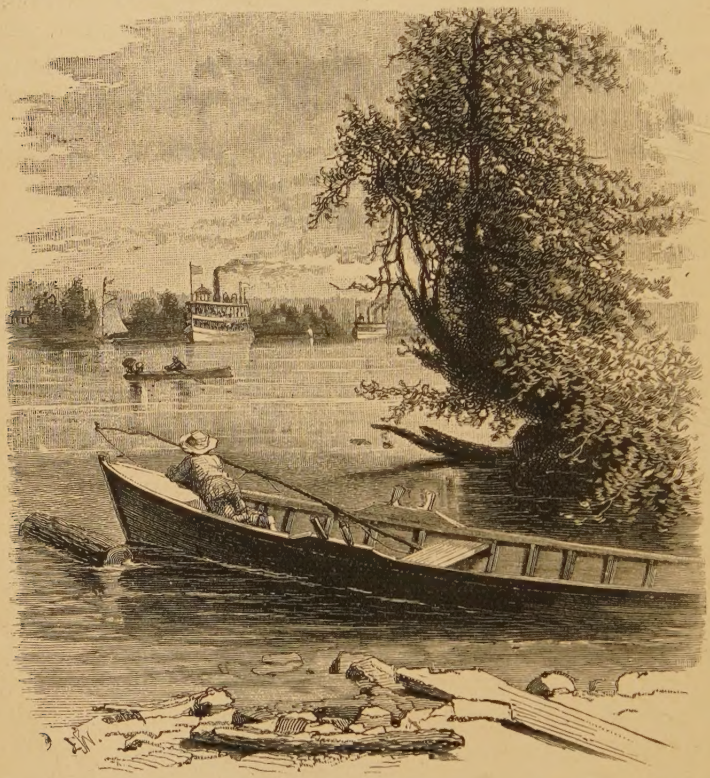
THE OUTLET OF CHAUTAUQUA LAKE,
(On the Line of the Erie Railway.)

physical and social recreation and innocent amusements. The facilities for boating, bathing, and fishing are extensive, and are made the most of. Concerts on the land and on the water, moonlight sails, fireworks, stereopticon exhibitions, elocutionary readings, Frank Beard's "chalk talks," the familiar use of the telescope, microscope, telephone, phonograph, spectroscope, etc., combine in pleasing union instruction and amusement, profit and delight. The sail around the lake is one of rare enjoyment. The many beautiful water vistas, the richly foliaged shores and curving bays and jutting points, under the golden light of a bright summer day, will furnish a rich treasure of sunny memories for a lifetime.

The Chautauqua idea was well illustrated by a sort of dramatic allegory, which was represented on one of the closing nights of the Assembly. Two steamers sailed out on the lake —one symbolizing the principles of Chautauqua, bearing transparencies inscribed: "Holy Bible," "Education," "Faith, Temperance, and Intelligence," "Liberty and Truth," "The Seven Graces," etc.—the other symbolizing the principles it opposed, bearing such mottoes as "Skepticism," "Ignorance," "Tyranny," "Alcohol," "Ingersollism," etc. These hostile ships forthwith began to pour into each other a rapid fire of rockets and Roman candles. Soon the infidel ship was silenced, its transparencies were darkened, and it sheered off into the gloom of night. The conquering vessel blazed with coloured lights, the band played a triumphal strain, the Jubilees sang, "You shall gain the victory," and a cross of fire surmounting a beautiful flag, announced the triumph of truth over error—of religion over infidelity.

This was not merely a scenic display. It was the symbol of a mighty fact. Chautauqua seeks to combine all the influences of mental culture, art, science, literature, and, above all, of religion, in a crusade against ignorance, skepticism, and sin. Strange as is the paradox, the grandest part of Chautauqua is the part that is not there—the many thousands of workers and students scattered over this great continent, toiling often in isolation and loneliness, at their task of self-education, and looking for inspiration and impulse to Chautauqua. The engraving on page 1, shows the very centre of the great Chautauqua circle, whose periphery is sweeping, ever wider and wider, over the land and beyond the sea. This modest hall of philos-

ophy is destined, we augur, to have a fame akin to that of the school of Plato, in the leafy grove of Academus. Here the morning lectures in philosophy and theology are given. Here the learned doctors discuss the weighty themes of "fixed fate, foreknowledge, and free-will." Here is the famous mythical



At the Head of the Outlet, Lake Chautauqua.
(*On the Line of the Erie Railway.*)

"Round Table," at which gather the councils of the C. L. S. C. This is, indeed, the very heart which sends the pulses of life and energy to every member of that great organization.

Two of the new developments of Chautauqua are the School of Theology and the Young Folks' Reading Union, which link it on the one side with the highest thought and learning of the land, and on the other, with the ingenuous youth of the country. The latter, especially, has our sympathy and best wishes. By

furnishing sound, wholesome, attractive, and instructive reading, and wise and kindly guidance, our young people will be brought into affinity with the beautiful and true and good, and will be saved from the mental enfeeblement and moral pollution of weak, foolish, and pernicious reading.

The following sketch, by an American tourist, describes the approach to Chautauqua by the route illustrated by our engravings.

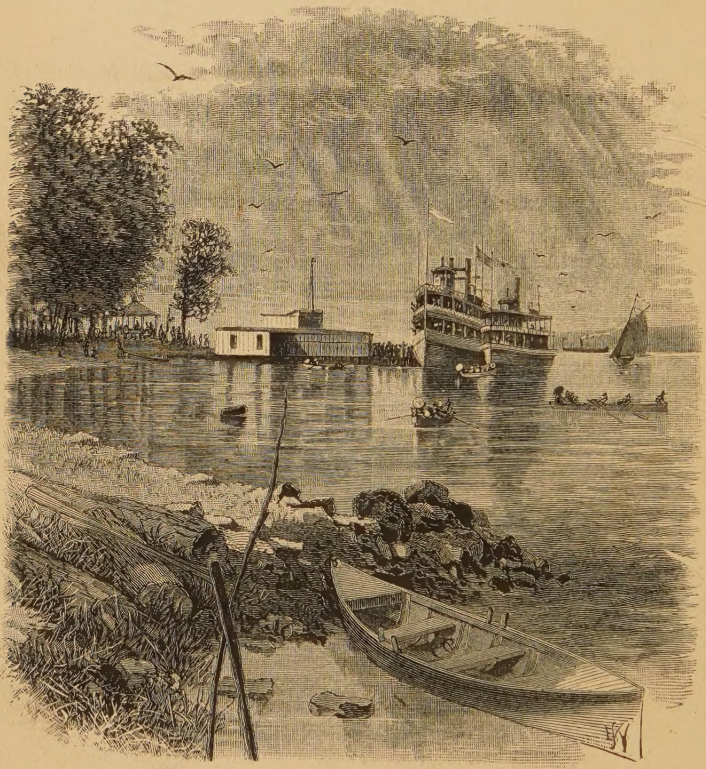
My wanderings along the Erie in search of the picturesque led me to Chautauqua Lake. The railroad lands us at Jamestown, at the foot of the lake. This is one of the pleasantest ways of reaching it. It is early morning when we betake ourselves to the steamboat landing. We are going up the lake, but where is the lake? The pretty steamers lying there at the dock seem to be in a narrow river. There is no sign of a lake anywhere to be seen. But we will go on board of the red-stacked boat of the Chautauqua Steamboat Company and await developments. The whistle blows, the engine begins to turn, and we are off. But we are not yet in the lake; we have to twist for something like three miles through the Outlet, a narrow stream bordered by trees that seem to grow directly out of the water. Sailing through this we seem to be following a serpentine watery road through the woods. The Outlet, for most of the distance between Jamestown and the lake, is very crooked. There are no straight stretches, but only a continual succession of curves. But the pilots are skilful, the boats are trim and manageable, and it is pleasant steaming through the narrow waterway in the cool freshness of the June morning, with the balsamic aroma of the woods scenting the air. Here is a new aspect of the picturesque.

Now the Outlet widens, and then we swing out into the lake, which, however, does not reveal its whole extent to the eye at once. The waters of this beautiful lake, within seven miles of Lake Erie, instead of seeking an outlet through the short distance, flow into a tributary of the Allegheny, which at Pittsburg joins the Ohio, and, entering the Mississippi, find rest at length in the distant Gulf of Mexico, after a devious journey of fifteen hundred miles.

There, far up the shore, is Chautauqua, the centre from which so many healthful influences, epitomized in the cabalistic

"C. L. S. C.," have radiated forth like banners of light. This is a city of cottages. These cottages are of all sorts, but appearing as if they would be comfortable for those who enjoy a season that is a semi-picnic.

As may be judged from the illustrations accompanying this article, boating is one of the greatest amusements here. The



AT THE STEAMBOAT WHARF, CHAUTAUQUA.
(On the Line of the Erie Railway.)

lake affords the best facilities for this. And the days may go by very pleasantly, even for those who are not drawn by the literary attractions of the place. In the evenings, judging from one of the scenes the artist has depicted, especially under the soft shining of the moon, *two* people may find great enjoyment in strolling through the groves of this modern Academy.

For those who do not care to have the burden of house-keeping during a season of recreation, there are boarding-houses

and lodgings. And there is the fine Hotel Athenæum, commanding a beautiful view over the lake, where one can have all the advantages of a summer hotel at very reasonable rates.

The beautiful picture facing page 1 gives a view of the busy scene at the steamboat landing at Chautauqua. The steamer is one of the very few four-decked passenger boats in the world.

YACHTING ON CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.
(On the Line of the Erie Railway.)

It can carry two thousand passengers. How well everything is shown, even to the light and shadow on the standing figure in the foreground, and on the Japanese parasol of the lady sitting in the boat. We are indebted to Dr. Vincent and to John N. Abbott, Esq., of the Erie Railway, for the use of these elegant cuts. From all points east and west this great summer Assembly can be easily reached by the Erie and its connections.

The Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., who is one of the Counsellors of

Chautauqua, thus describes the scope and purpose of the Chautauqua University: Every topic which concerns humanity is discussed upon the platform except sectarian theology and party politics. The Normal Sunday-school classes, with which the Assembly began, are overshadowed by schools of philosophy, of science, of literature, and of language. One may take a course under the best of instructors in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French,

IN THE GROVE.
(By permission of the Erie Railway.)

German, and, I believe, also Italian and Spanish, and having made a commencement with vocal and personal instruction, he may continue it throughout the year in correspondence classes.

To see Chautauqua in its glory one must be there on Commencement day, for Chautauqua not only has its Commencement, but one which, it is safe to say, attracts greater numbers and arouses greater public interest than that of any other university in the land. Last year not less certainly than 10,000

persons gathered to witness and participate in the graduation exercises.

Graduates came from as far west as the Rocky Mountains. One invalid was brought in a wheeled chair over a thousand miles; a lady graduate upwards of eighty years of age was there. There is a meeting of the graduates and alumni in the Hall in the Grove. There is a brief congregational liturgical service there, a procession to the Amphitheatre, and an address. After dinner a second meeting, with brief platform addresses and the delivery of diplomas to such of the graduates as are present in person to receive them, and a general jubilation in the evening, with the burning of camp-fires, an illuminated fleet, and fire-works on the lake.

The heart of Chautauqua is no longer the Sunday-school Assembly; it is the C. L. S. C.—Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. Any one may join this Circle on paying 50 cents initiation fee for cost of correspondence, etc. The University prescribes a course of reading and study which takes about three-quarters of an hour a day eight or nine months in the year. The course is prescribed by the Chancellor in conference with the five Counsellors who are his advisers. The University secures specially cheap editions of books from the publishers, who can well afford to give special rates since they thus secure a large edition. Some admirable works have been prepared especially for this course. The object of the C. L. S. C. is to give the ordinary English reader what Dr. Vincent calls a college outlook. Only the college drill can give the college discipline. But without the knowledge of Latin one may learn the story of Virgil, the life of Cæsar, the character of Cicero; without a knowledge of Greek he may yet know something of the epic of Homer and of the sublime thoughts of Plato. The mother is able to sympathize with her boy in his classics, the farmer's daughter to understand the references to ancient life in ordinary literature. The time that was before wasted in doing nothing or in reading gossip in the local paper is utilized in a course of reading, the fruits of which can never be wholly lost, the value of which can never be wholly estimated.

The members of the C. L. S. C. are scattered all over the land, from St. John's to Florida and from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate. They number now probably not less than 100,000. Some

of them are studying in solitude, but with the inspiration which comes from the consciousness of belonging to a great army of students under a wise leadership. Others in towns and villages form local circles, and meet every week to compare notes, discuss, listen to original papers or selected readings from some one of their number, and so stimulate and aid each other. No

A Quiet Cove, Chautauqua Lake.
(On the Line of the Erie Railway.)

one who has not looked into the faces of the graduates can imagine the amount of literary enthusiasm which the C. L. S. C. has awakened. No one who has not traced the intellectual and moral development of a single soul, feeling the tide of enthusiasm from a hundred thousand fellow-workers lifting him up and bearing him on, can ever imagine the widening influence for good in an endlessly increasing intellectual life and moral earnestness which the C. L. S. C. has wrought in America.

But while the C. L. S. C. is the central point in the Chautauqua University, it is not the only one. There is a C. R. U., a Chautauqua Reading Union, with a course of instructive reading for young people. There is a C. S. T., Chautauqua School of Theology, the object of which is to aid clergymen to carry on a systematic course of study: Greek, Hebrew, Doctrinal Theology, Historical Theology, etc., and which, especially in the Greek and Hebrew departments, is already a large success, numbering several hundreds in its classes and giving new impulse to a more through study of the Scripture in the original. My impression is that, measured by number of students, it is already the largest theological school in the country.

In this account I have said nothing of the Chautauqua University proper, which is now a school of correspondence, but which looks forward to becoming localized at Chautauqua, which has its regular faculty, and which proposes to give a true university course under the best instructors and by the most modern methods. This has yet to prove what it can be and do.

NEW YEAR'S WISHES.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

WHAT shall I wish thee?
Treasures of earth?
Songs in the springtime,
Pleasure or mirth?
Flowers on thy pathway,
Skies ever clear?
Would these ensure thee
A Happy New Year?

What shall I wish thee?
What can be found
Bringing thee sunshine
All the year round?
Where is the treasure,
Lasting and dear,
That shall ensure thee
A Happy New Year?

Faith that increaseth,
Walking in light;
Hope that aboundeth,
Happy and bright;
Love that is perfect,
Casting out fear—
These shall ensure thee
A Happy New Year.

Peace in the Saviour,
Rest at His feet;
Smile of His countenance
Radiant and sweet;
Joy in His presence,
Christ ever near—
These will ensure thee
A Happy New Year.

WONDERLAND AND BEYOND.

NOTES

OF A TRIP TO THE

PACIFIC COAST,

EMBRACING THE

GRAND TOUR

OF THE

YELLOWSTONE

NATIONAL

PARK.

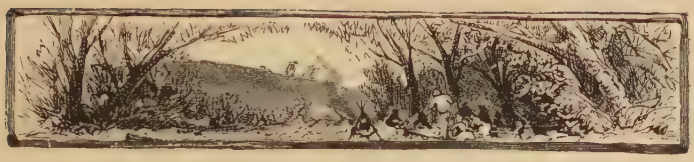
—

BY

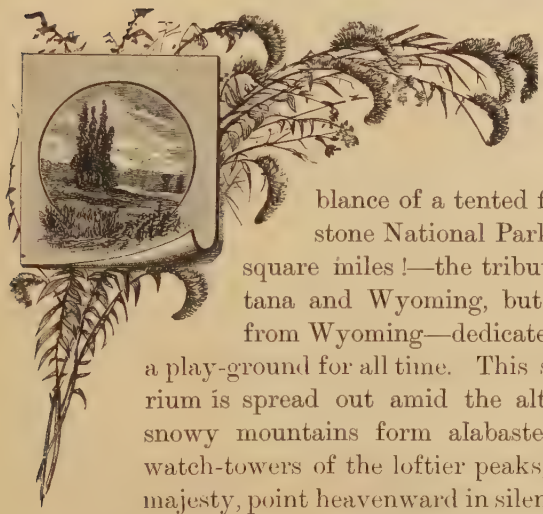
JOHN T. MOORE

—

YELLOWSTONE RIVER, NEAR LIVINGSTON.



WONDERLAND AND BEYOND.



YONDER, in the West, where mountains lift the garb of earth into the semblance of a tented field, is the Yellowstone National Park. Three thousand square miles!—the tribute of Idaho, Montana and Wyoming, but almost altogether from Wyoming—dedicated to the nation as a play-ground for all time. This stupendous sanitarium is spread out amid the altitudes where the snowy mountains form alabaster ramparts, with watch-towers of the loftier peaks, which, with mute majesty, point heavenward in silent worship. There, new-born rivers leave the parent glacier to flow thenceforth apart, and travelling many thousand miles to pour themselves at last in widely-sundered seas. Anticipation can rob some marvels of their charms; but not so there. Expectation is ever out-run by the reality. Geysers, rivers, pools and cascades; meadows, mountains, falls and canyons pass like visions, now weird, now winsome, till the tourist must confess he treads a "Wonderland." Strange and even startling in its sights and sounds, yet restful and refreshing in its Alpine setting, that highly-favoured haunt among the hills will be the Mecca of many millions of pleasure-pilgrims in the generations yet to come; and there the jaded brain and nerve will find a balm. Thither and beyond fancy now leads the way.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor, and, as I mentally add "to the Pacific!" the Canadian Pacific train moves out of the

Union Station in our good city of Toronto. Now we are speeding past cosy suburban homes; and the fair metropolis beside Ontario is fast receding. Thoughts are present of the tender leave-takings—leave-takings should always be tender—and, turning towards the vanishing spires the last lingering look of a lover, I realise that we are—off at last. For I am not alone; and therein lies the secret of much of the pleasure and profit of my tour. Good-fellowship is *sauce piquante* upon the road. How richly I am endowed all will understand who know the genial and gifted Secretary of our Missionary Society—the Rev. Dr. Sutherland.

The sultry heat of this July day, which was oppressive in the city, is now tempered by the cooling breeze which comes through the open window from over the green fields. By the Credit Valley to St. Thomas, and on by the Canada Southern to Detroit, we traverse the Midlothian of Ontario. Arrayed in Summer's richest robes, forest and field, orchard and stream, homestead and hamlet go flitting by, but are not as soon forgotten. Well may the sons of Canada feel proud of their goodly heritage. Never were the vistas of my native land more radiant than to-day. Late in the afternoon, whirling merrily along some forty miles an hour, between St. Thomas and Detroit, but quite too soon for sundown, the light suddenly yields to gloom, so that the lamps are lighted. Soon we have the explanation in a drenching down-pour—a veritable cloud-burst. For twenty minutes this deluge continues, converting the space between the rails into a miniature mill-race. The storm then passed. The air, stifling before, is now redolent with the fragrance of the trees; and the landscape, still dripping with its baptism, is tinged with the golden light of sunset. Beautiful Canada!

Over the next few hundred miles I must pass almost at a bound, except to outline the route by which the Yellowstone National Park is reached. The Michigan Central to Chicago, and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul to the last named city, afford a luxurious ride to the twin city of the Upper Mississippi. At St. Paul connection is made in a union station with the Northern Pacific—the only railway to the Park. Having provided ourselves with park-excursion coupons we ensconce ourselves in our places in the elegant Pullman. Think

of it! Seated in a car whose wheels will spin in tireless revolution along the burnished rail which leads across the continent to where the broad Pacific decrees "no further." And also reflect, to your comfort, that in an adjoining car sable cooks and waiters are preparing toothsome meals for hungry tourists —tourists are always hungry—and producing from the liliputian kitchen such an array of viands as suggests the endless resources of a "magician's hat." As we thread the valley of the Upper Mississippi we get frequent glimpses of sylvan lakes which

"Flash and gleam among the oak trees."

At Brainerd, a distance of one hundred and forty miles from St. Paul, the road leaves the Mississippi and, turning more westerly, winds through the picturesque "Lake Region" of Minnesota, drained southward by the Mississippi on the east, and northward by the Red River on the west. Crossing the Red River of the North, at Fargo, you now have come

"To the land of the Dacotahs,"

where the war-whoop no longer startles, but where wheat is king. Four hundred miles from St. Paul, and we have passed Jamestown, the seat of important lumber interests, fostered by the James River, an unpretending stream, one hundred feet in width, which flows hence four hundred miles to join the Missouri. Within the next hundred miles we cross the handsome iron viaduct beneath which the murky Missouri pours its flood, earning the apt title, "The Big Muddy." Like sentinels, at the portals of the Upper Missouri, stand Bismarck on the east and Mandan on the west, the latter place called after the tribe of Indians whose hunting-grounds were here, and amongst whom some mechanical arts came to a high degree of excellence in the remote centuries. Their burial places furnish favourite delving-ground for archæologists.

We are now fast nearing a locality that stamps itself indelibly upon the mind. Looking for the first time upon "Pyramid Park," you are almost mystified by its grotesque grimness, and you half wonder whether you have not dropped from your proper planet upon some extinct volcanic satellite. The tame designation "Bad Lands" gave me no hint of the

multiform excrescences that I now see revelling in all manner of fantastic forms around me. Buttes of bewildering variety and colour go scudding past like dancing dervishes. Shafts,

CABLE FERRY ON THE YELLOWSTONE.

monuments and towers, furrowed and fretted by fire and flood, abound on every hand, and in the valleys, huge and pallid petrefactions seem like colossal skeletons bleaching in moats.

round dismantled fortresses. "Are those port-holes whence cannon-mouths protrude?" "Nay, they are but spots of coal." Volcanic fires have thatched and tiled these curios of architecture with brick-red pottery, called scoria. Hard almost as rock, and beautiful as terra-cotta, it is so plentiful that for miles it serves as ballast for the track. Those effigies of scarred and fretted pillars, pyramids and palaces, with all the curious carving of turret, dome and spire, bear weird resemblance to a ruined city. Or rather does it seem, as you look over that sea of crags, that when the billows were lashed into fiercest commotion, and the white caps of volcanic tempest were flying, then the Hand Omnipotent chilled them into eternal stillness? Strange as it may seem, the district is excellent for grazing, and a large beef-packing enterprise is carried on at Medora, which is in the very midst of these Pompeian breakers.

At Sentinel Butte we pass from Dakota to Montana; and fifty miles beyond we come out upon the rushing Yellowstone, at the distance of seven hundred miles from St. Paul, traversed in thirty hours. What interest centres in that river up which the magnet of mystery now leads us to explore its mountain fastness, still five hundred miles away! The valley through which the Yellowstone takes its swift and winding way reaches at times twenty miles in width and narrows again to five miles or less. The river sometimes widens to two thousand feet and then contracts to two hundred yards. Its velocity and volume forbid fording, and cable ferries are employed for transit; so constructed that turning the boat at an angle to the current the stream propels the craft, while the pulleys run along the cable. Speeding along the southern bank we cross at short intervals tributaries to the Yellowstone which have their rise in the mountain ranges to the south—the chief ones being the Powder, Tongue and Rosebud Rivers. These names remind us that we have reached the Elysium of ranchmen, cow-boys, sportsmen and Indians. Indeed, one wonders if it is entirely safe to venture unarmed within the precincts of this pioneers' preserve. Groups of cattlemen, cow-boys and Cheyennes present a motley picture, in which wide sombreros, buckskin suits, leather leggings and gaudy blankets combine with clanking spurs and well-filled ammunition belts to engender apprehension. Yet nowhere throughout

"That desolate land and lone,

Where the Big Horn and the Yellowstone
Roar down their mountain path,"

YELLOWSTONE VALLEY—BIG HORN BRIDGE AND TUNNEL.

need there be the slightest tremor for the safety of life or property. Here as elsewhere the rule holds good, that the man goes unmolested who minds his own business. Even Custer's

battle-field, of sanguinary memory, now only a little distance south of us, is made the tourist's camping ground.

Crossing the Big Horn, a turbulent river, two hundred yards in width, the train soon traverses the first tunnel we have met. Thoughts of the Big Horn and Sitting Bull are soon dispelled by the beauties of the Yellowstone Valley, which multiply as we ascend. The windings of the river and the intrusions of sandstone cliffs impart pleasing variety. I step out upon the platform the better to enjoy the scene. Now we run under the overhanging rock—then a canyon cleaves the valley wall and spreads a lovely picture of slope and vale. For a time the train finds barely room along its rock-hewn path between the cliff-face, which rises vertically, and the rushing Yellowstone. See those grotesque similitudes of architectural freaks, standing here and there throughout the valley like desolated castles. "Pompey's Pillar" and other forlorn fragments are the melancholy remnants of ridges and promontories that have vanished before the wash of primeval floods. The river is very changeful in its mood, now foaming past the base of perpendicular rocks, then dashing on between densely wooded banks with overhanging boughs. Here it sends off a branch, shortly to reunite, forming an island—a dome of verdure—an emerald gem upon the bosom of the stream.

Having skirted the river on the one bank or the other for over three hundred miles, we are nearing Livingston—the "gateway to the park"—where the tourist takes the branch to Cinnabar. Livingston is situated in the midst of a pretty basin between the valley walls; and as you approach it the mountain view is very striking. Looking away to the south, the wooded line yonder marks the Yellowstone. Above it a rocky wall rises to where begins a gentle slope. Then the foot-hills, dotted with pine-trees, go sweeping, back and up, in graceful terraces, till loftier domes and ridges crown the nearer range. But look beyond! Over these summits the snow fields on the remoter range gleam in the sunlight and hang their dazzling robes of white against the cloudless blue. You feel that you are moving amid sublimities. Such is the "gateway to the park."

Packing a few indispensables in hand-satchels, we wisely make these our sole *impedimenta* for the tour of the park, leaving

the heavier baggage here till we return. Livingston has many fine brick blocks, and one cut-stone front by way of a surprise; but most of the buildings are of wood, painted and

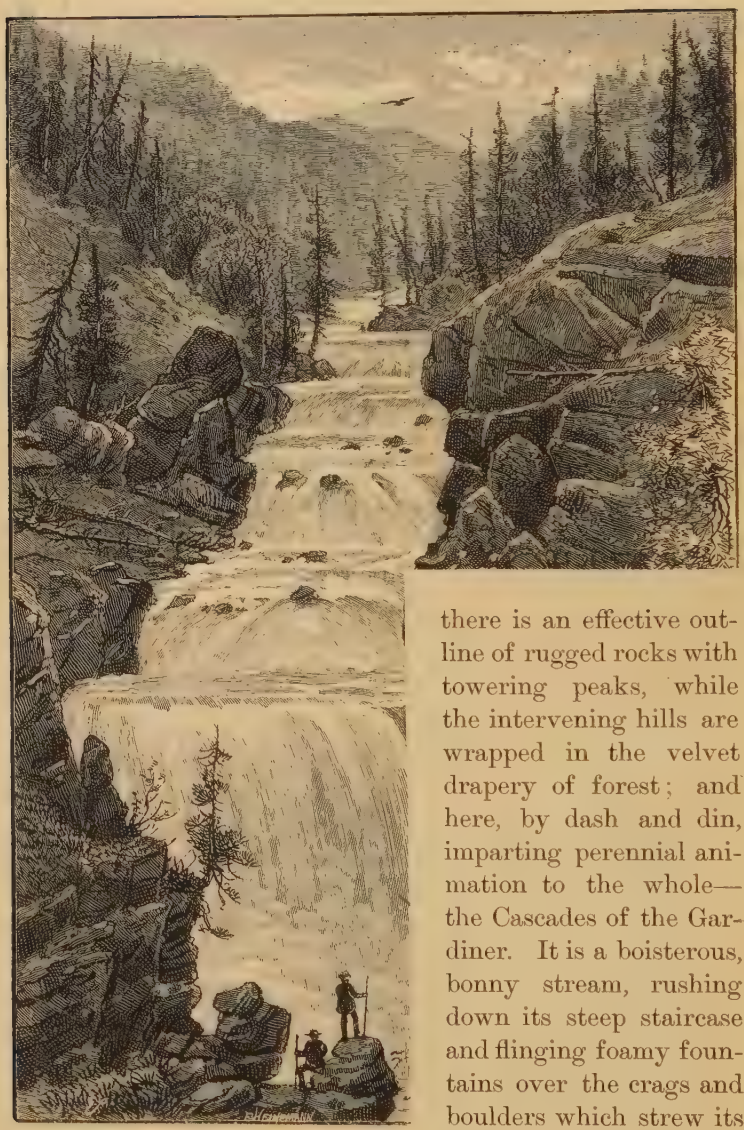
The Gateway to the Park—From Livingston.

clean-looking, so that the town presents a smart appearance. Cinnabar is fifty miles south of Livingston, and the ride excites wondering admiration from first to last. Barely have we started when we enter the first canyon of the Yellowstone,

and, for a space, grim walls shut us in. Just here a thunder-storm burst upon us with terrific grandeur. The flash—the peal—the flood were such as make a storm among the mountains a thing to be remembered. Emerging somewhat from the canyon the view extends, and the sight is unique and impressive. Around us is a storm upon the foot-hills, in which the forked-lightnings seem to rend the very rocks, while beyond and through the storm you see the sun-lit, snow-capped peaks—storming fiercely here, shining brightly there. The storm is over, and in the sunshine we cross a broad expanse of river-bottoms, smooth and lawn-like in appearance, called "Paradise Valley."

A little further up, at "Yankee Jim's Canyon," the walls of the valley again close in, and the Yellowstone boils and foams between rocky banks less than twenty feet apart. Yankee Jim's toll-road formerly occupied the meagre space now monopolized by the rail track; but now the toll-road winds over the top of the mountain. When passing this rocky gorge I observed a graceful pinnacle, resembling an ornate minaret, standing out from the face of the opposite cliff, and on that lonely perch over the seething waters eagles had built their nest. Just before reaching Cinnabar the phenomenon known as the "Devil's Slide" attracts passing attention. Down the mountain-side, from peak to base, there are two smooth, ribbon-like slides, or belts, tinged with broad bright veins of red, resembling streaks of blood. The sun shone full upon these vertical crimson-hued strata, so that the delicate shades of colour were seen in all their rich profusion, compelling the one verdict—"wonderful and beautiful."

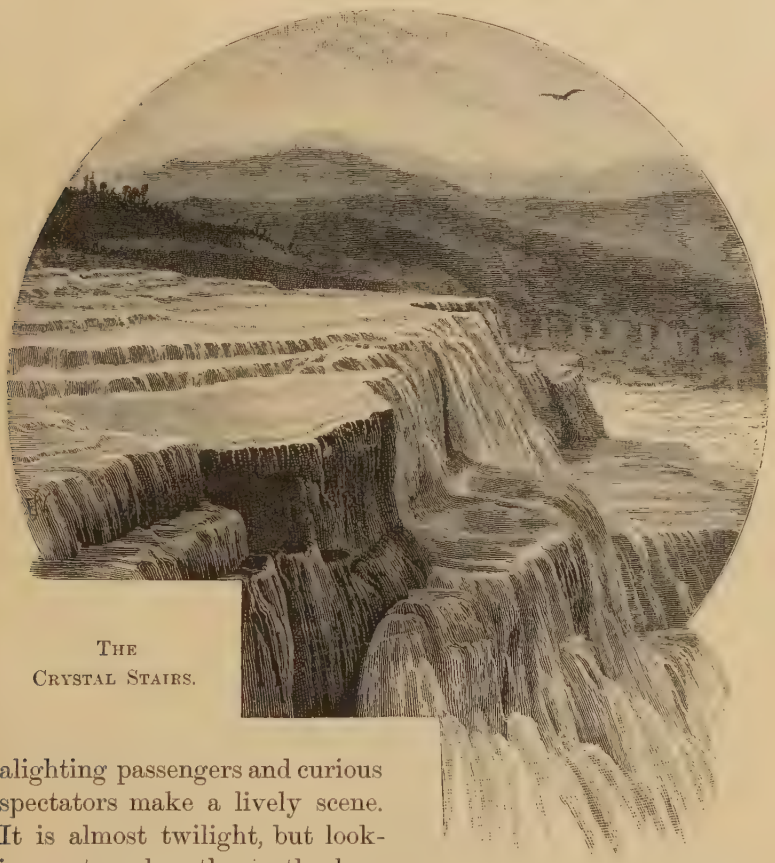
At Cinnabar an array of four-horse covered Concord coaches await the arrival of the train; and soon we are bowling along under the skilful guidance of a veteran and weather-beaten Jehu. In two miles we enter the precincts of the enchanting, yet appalling, park. The road is rough, sometimes precipitous, occasionally risky. Much of it is on the bank of the Gardiner River—a branch of the Yellowstone—and whirled rapidly along upon a narrow roadway, with that mountain torrent leaping past you on the one side and sandstone rocks towering above you on the other, you realize that you are in the mountains. The scenery in this Gardiner canyon is superb. Against the sky



Cascades on the Gardiner River.

there is an effective outline of rugged rocks with towering peaks, while the intervening hills are wrapped in the velvet drapery of forest; and here, by dash and din, imparting perennial animation to the whole—the Cascades of the Gardiner. It is a boisterous, bonny stream, rushing down its steep staircase and flinging foamy fountains over the crags and boulders which strew its path. Its banks are fringed with trees and plants, growing in wild luxuriance, stimulated by the drifting spray. A drive of five miles in the park brings us to the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel. This structure is very pictu-

resque, with its wide piazzas, Gothic gables, and central tower, and stands 6,000 feet above the sea, in full view of lofty peaks rising as high again, from snowy, serried ranks of mountains which rib this romantic region. Arriving coaches, busy porters,



THE CRYSTAL STAIRS.

alighting passengers and curious spectators make a lively scene. It is almost twilight, but looking eastward up the gentle slope I discern the spectral outlines of the Crystal Stairs and Pulpit Terraces. Supper over and I seek my room deeply sensible of strange environment.

From the hotel I take an easy path that leads me to the summit of the Crystal Stairs. Like one spark from a blacksmith's forge is this fragment from the Yellowstone National Park. It is only a small bit of these majestic terraces over which the wonder-working waters of the hot spring have woven a snowy drapery. Those soft-flowing folds might be

mistaken for a prodigious cataract, but as you approach you listen in vain for the sullen roar of waters.

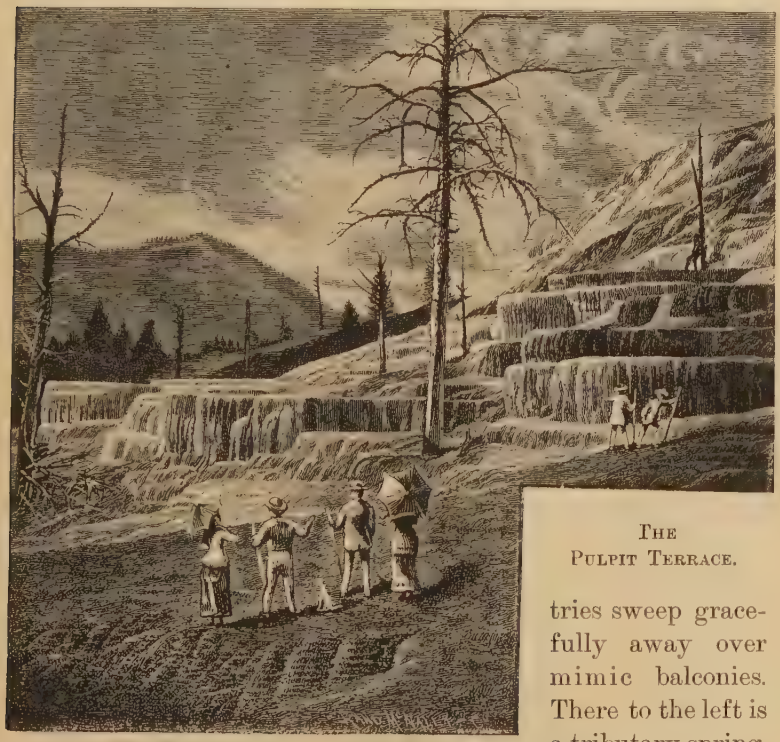
From the parent spring there is a gentle outflow into an ad-

THE MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS.

joining pool. This pool in turn brims over its shell-like wall into a lower basin, and so on till the stairs are reached. There

the water is so diffused that it forms but a shining film, gliding noiselessly over its own delicate handiwork. With lime and magnesia for warp and woof, this coating of transparent varnish gives dazzling brilliancy to the matchless texture.

Walking out upon the partition walls between these pools I stand upon that parapet at the very verge. At my feet there is spread out a world of loveliness that baffles description. Soft and feathery-looking as swan's down, these immaculate tapes-



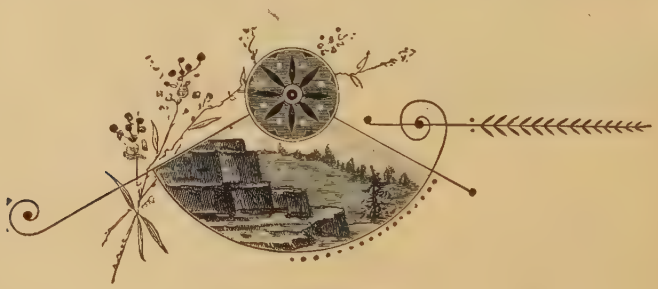
The Pulpit Terrace.

tries sweep gracefully away over mimic balconies. There to the left is a tributary spring, containing sulphur, arsenic, and iron, whose chromatic touch has tinged some folds with the hues of richest plumage. What a resplendent pedestal! For the most part pearly white as frosted spray. As I gaze upon its rippling splendour, thoughts of silver draperies, of coral thrones, of snowy terraces, are put from me as too feeble. Then I think of the "shining robes of spotless white," and, overwhelmed, I stand—and look—and wonder!

The cheery salutation of the superintendent of the park

invades my reverie ; and with him as guide I thread the mazes of the steaming *mer de glace* to where I overlook the craters of the Mammoth Hot Springs, brimming over with the gently boiling water. The larger one has been sounded to the depth of eighty feet without obstruction, and across its dozen yards of surface the tiny waves are driven, causing a curl of foam on the lea-shore. The outflow from these twin springs has produced a vast extent and variety of formation of which the Pulpit Terrace is *facile princeps.* Truly, it is a lovely spectacle. That rostrum of parian whiteness, graced with pearly pendants and festooned with snowy lace, would be well suited to some eloquent evangel pleading for spotless purity.

The closer scrutiny you give these delicately-fluted and carved details of font and forum, balcony and balustrade, the more you marvel at the matchless product of the liquid loom, sparkling with crystalline beauty in the sunlight, like chaste sculpturings in immaculate Carara. Leaving this *chef d'œuvre* we find, near by, the minor attractions—Orange Geyser, Liberty Cones, Devil's Kitchen, and Cupid's Cave. Into the last I crawled, through the low entrance, having been assured the interior view would reward me. It did, abundantly. Within, it was all ablaze with rainbow tints—purple, pink and gold prevailing—suggesting some fairy grotto. As I retrace my steps to the ornate caravansary, there spreads before me a majestic picture of forest, rock and snow in tumultuous Alpine grandeur, with Electric Peak, more regal than the rest, rising skyward nearly twelve thousand feet.



Crystal Stairs.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

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THE CONGO, AND THE FOUNDING OF ITS FREE STATE.*

THE readers of this MAGAZINE have followed with much interest the account which it contained of Stanley's intrepid journey "Through the Dark Continent." The two noble volumes before us record the sequel of that exploration—the founding of a Free State, under the auspices of Christian civilization, in the heart of Africa. This "story" has just been published simultaneously in eight different languages, and is attracting the attention of the world as few books ever have. The work which it describes may prove to be one of the greatest movements of the age. Future ages may look back to this event as we now regard the planting of the English Colonies in Virginia and in Massachusetts Bay. We give first a brief sketch, abridged from the *Illustrated London News*, of the previous career of the intrepid exploror.

Henry Moreland Stanley is a native of Denbigh, in Wales, born in 1840. He went young to the United States of America, served in the civil war, and was one of the special correspondents of the *New York Herald*, travelling for that journal in Spain, in Abyssinia, in Arabia, Asiatic Turkey, and Armenia, previously to 1871, when he was invited by the proprietor, Mr. J. Gordon Bennett, to undertake an expedition in search of Dr. Livingstone in the region of Lake Tanganyika. "How I Found Livingstone," which was the title of his narrative published in London when he arrived here in 1874, is a tale of intense interest. But Livingstone, having been supplied with fresh means, chose to continue his task of exploring the lakes and rivers of the interior, and died on the shore of Lake Bangweolo a few months later.

* *The Congo, and The Founding of its Free State: a Story of Work and Exploration.* By HENRY M. STANLEY. 2 vols. 8vo; pages xxvii.–528, 483. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $10.

We are indebted to the courtesy of the publishers of this book for the use of the fine engravings which grace this article, and which are specimens of over a hundred which adorn the book—one of the most valuable ever issued from the American press.

In 1876, the proprietors of the *New York Herald* and the *Daily Telegraph* of London jointly sent out an expedition, conducted by Stanley, to complete the explorations which Livingstone had begun. Stanley then determined to follow the unknown river which he had discovered in the heart of Africa, and embarked on it with a flotilla of boats and canoes, by which he pursued an adventurous navigation of 1,600 miles, finding ultimately that this river was the Congo, and that it flowed to the Atlantic Ocean. This grand geographical discovery, which is described in his book, "The Dark Continent," was enough to secure its author's permanent renown; but his account of the Congo had excited in Europe a strong desire to attempt the opening of that great river to commercial colonization. King Leopold II. took the lead of an association composed of Belgians, Dutch, Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Americans, and others to prosecute this important object.

Stanley, during the year 1878, was consulted on the plans, and engaged to carry them out by an expedition to proceed from the west coast of Africa up the Congo, to select sites for the stations, entering into friendly negotiations with all the native chiefs of tribes, and to form establishments for peaceful trade. He first, however, went to Zanzibar, on the east coast, in order to obtain the services of a sufficient number of trusty men of the same class as his followers in the expedition of 1876 and 1877. In August, 1879, having collected the men and stores at the mouth of the Congo, at Banana Point, Mr. Stanley began the difficult and highly responsible undertaking on the waters and banks of that mighty river. He had a flotilla of steamboats, built of steel, and made so as to be taken to pieces for occasional carriage overland; those which proved most useful were 42 ft. or 43 ft. long and 7 ft. or 8 ft. wide, drawing 11 inches water, with engines of six-horse power; one was much larger, drawing 3 ft. 6 inches. He was accompanied by a dozen European officers, several of whom belonged to the Belgian army; and he had sixty-eight Zanzibar men, who were armed and drilled as soldiers. This number was afterward more than doubled. Ample stores for the personal wants of the party, with tools for building and road-making, and quantities of cloth and other manufactured goods to trade with, had been provided for the expedition.

Stanley proved himself a very able administrator in the founding and ruling of the new settlements, at Vivi, Manyanga, Isangila, Leopoldville or Stanley Pool, Bolobo, the Equator Station, and Stanley Falls, and in his dealings with the native tribes up the Congo. He was occupied in this work from 1879 to the end of 1883, spending months at each of the stations, and personally directing every matter of detail with rare sagacity and energy, and with a force of will that seems to justify, as a metaphor, the name which the natives give him, Bula Matari, "the Breaker of Rocks." The name, however, was intended literally enough to commemorate their astonishment when they saw him, at Vivi, teaching his men to use sledge-hammers in reducing large boulders to the small fragments of stone used as "metal" in making a road.

Stanley's road-making, and his labours in conveying steamboats and stores over long stretches of rough and hilly country, where the navigation was stopped by the rapids, between Vivi and Leopoldville, seem to have been the hardest part of his enterprise. All this trouble is to be spared in future by the construction of one or two short pieces of railway, with certainty of much profitable traffic. The sites chosen for the stations of the Congo Association occupied but small pieces of land, not of much value to the natives; and, in every instance, there was a fair bargain for a stipulated price or rent; the whole proceeding was conducted with formal public deliberation before the assembled heads of the tribe. More than four hundred tribes were induced, by the sincere and benevolent diplomacy of Stanley, to give their assent, in some cases their active assistance, to the advancing operations of the Association; they readily engaged to allow European trade, to keep the peace with each other, and to make the Association their arbitrator in disputes between the tribes. Those people of the Congo are, in fact, keenly alive to the advantages of trade, greedy of gain, and extremely sharp and cunning. We can only think it creditable to his discretion that he managed to succeed in every important point, with one or two brief outbreaks of causeless local hostility, when he stood entirely on the defensive, and there was very little bloodshed.

We give here a brief outline of his great work of founding the Free State of the Congo. The purpose of the expedition

THE SECTIONAL STEAMER "LE STANLEY" LEAVING VIVI BEACH.

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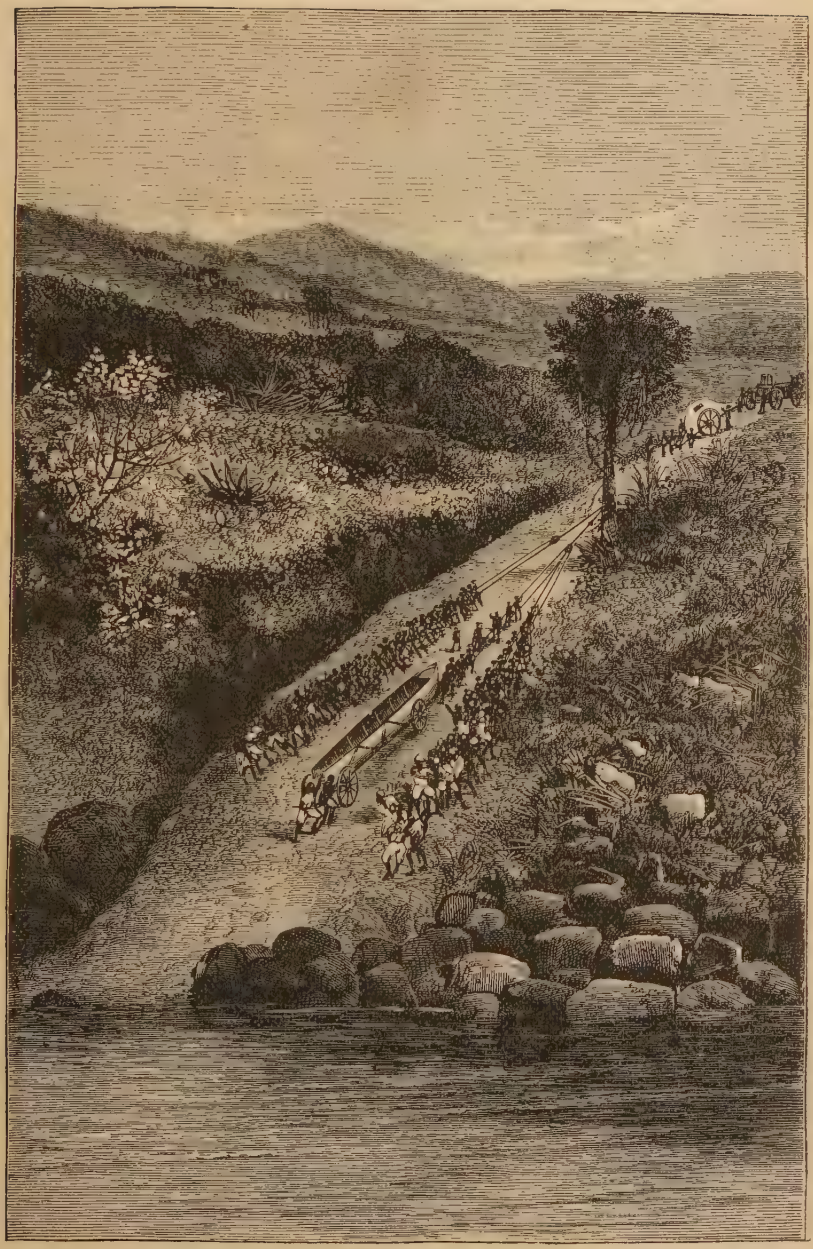


ASCENDING THE NYONGENA HILL.

(Harper & Brothers, Copyright.)

was at once philanthropic, scientific and commercial; to repress the feuds of the native tribes, to survey and map the Congo River, and to prepare the way for European trade. On August 14th, 1879, Stanley reached the Congo. Here at the Dutch factory of Banana were already assembled a flotilla of three steamers and five other boats with their crews for the purposes of the expedition. In a week Stanley's steamer, the *Albion*, and the flotilla sail up the mangrove-bordered stream, which for thirty miles is deep enough to float the *Great Eastern*. The volume of the river is surpassed only by that of the Amazon.

The second day Boma, a congeries of factories, *i.e.*, of trading warehouses, is reached. For two hundred years it was the centre of a cruel slave trade which covered the land for many a league with mourning and woe. Consequently the country is almost depopulated and untilled, and scarce a sign of life, beyond the limits of the factory, is seen. Nevertheless a large trade is done in exchanging Manchester and Sheffield goods, etc., for the palm oil, rubber, copal, and ivory, etc., of the interior.

Within thirty-four days vast quantities of stores, wooden huts, machinery, etc. were brought ninety miles up the river to this new base of operations, and the *Albion* was sent back to England.* Stanley proceeded up the river about seven hours' sail from Boma, to Vivi, above which navigation is interrupted by strong rapids. Here he found a fine elevated plateau, accessible from the river and the interior. A "palaver" was held with the native chiefs, who were dressed chiefly in cast-off European clothes. He made a bargain with these shrewd fellows for a site for a trading station for the sum of £32 and a rental of £22 a year.

By payment of liberal wages he enlisted the natives in the work of road-making and preparing the site for his first station. The difficulty of his task may be estimated from the fact that it required the carriage of 5,000 tons of the rich alluvial soil, on men's heads, to the barren plateau 340 feet above the river to make a garden plot. Soon he had a large number of buildings erected and his stores safely housed.

He next proceeded to lay out a road fifty-two miles long, through the tangled forest and over a rugged country, to

* In 1879 there were only two factories above Boma. In 1885 there were nineteen.

Isangila, where the Congo again became navigable. He showed much tact in negotiating with the native chiefs for right of way, and in restraining his force of over two hundred men of many European nationalities or native tribes from any excesses that might lead to a rupture of peaceful relations. In the interior, animal life—elephants, buffaloes, antelopes—was very numerous, but it was a work of great difficulty to cut down the teak and other hardwood trees, and to build bridges over the numerous streams. The road being constructed, the next work was to convey over it the steel steamers, with their heavy boilers and machinery, with all the stores for the expedition. This involved many journeys to and fro, amounting in all to 2,352 miles. The ponderous loads were dragged chiefly by human muscle. The difficulty of the task will be seen from the engravings showing the ascent of the slope in the Massagassa Gorge, and in climbing the Nyongona Hill, and the transit of sectional steamer *Le Stanley*. This advance of fifty-two miles occupied a whole year.* It was attended by much sickness, resulting in the death of six Europeans and twenty-two natives and the withdrawal of thirteen invalided whites. Stanley himself became seriously ill with fever, which he tried to break with large doses of quinine, increasing from 20 grains to 30, 40, 50 and even 60 grains of the potent drug. Believing, after many days' illness, that his last hour had come, he summoned all his white comrades and faithful black followers. The scene was of pathetic interest. His tent was pitched on a hill-top, overlooking the broad Congo, with which his name will be forever linked. But let the story be told in his own touching words:

"In a short time there is a rush of many feet round the tent. . . . I can see the rows of seated forms around. I struggle hard to recall my fleeting senses to advise them what they should do when all would be over. My thoughts seemed to be distracted between my strong desire to say something intelligible and a strange brooding over a hollowed grave somewhere which drew nearer and nearer to me. Again, and yet again, I strove to utter the words that my lips would not frame.

"'Look well on me, Albert,' I cried. 'Do not move. Fasten your eyes on me that I may tell you.'

* For a whole month the rate of progress was only 42 yards a day, and 25 days were spent on a causeway 400 yards long.

A Farewell.

(Harper & Brothers' Copyright.)

"And the young sailor whose hand clasped mine, fixed his eyes steadily on mine to enable him to conquer the oppressive drowsiness; and the sentence was at last, after many efforts, delivered clearly and intelligently, at which I felt so relieved from my distress that I cried out 'I am saved!' Suddenly a dark cloud came over me, and oblivion, which lasted many hours, shut out the sense of things."

Though reduced to less than one hundred pounds weight he gradually recovered strength,* and took up his Herculean task as the path-finder of civilization in the heart of the Dark Continent. There were turbulent chiefs to subdue, discontents to placate, food supply to provide for—they used 400 pounds of rice per day beside other supplies—and a thousand things to tax heart and brain. The regular observance of Sunday conduced to keep up the vigour of the whole expedition. "I bathed, shaved, and dressed as becomes the Sabbath; and after a hearty breakfast sat down to read." Such is the example of many passages.

From Isangila the Congo was navigable for 88 miles to Manyanga, over which the stores, etc., were conveyed in fourteen round voyages in 70 days. Another land journey of 95 miles had now to be made to Stanley Pool; above which was an unbroken river navigation of the Congo of 1,000 miles. The road to Stanley Pool was constructed in much less time than the much shorter one from Vivi to Isangila, and the strongly built station at Leopoldville was established. Although trade was not the chief object, barter with the natives was largely practised to procure supplies for the expedition, which with new recruits now numbered over four hundred men. So keen were the natives for trade that as much as £800 worth of European goods was sold in two days. From Stanley Pool the intrepid explorer sailed up the noble stream which, he thinks, surpasses in grandeur the Hudson, the Danube, or the Mississippi, and, after seven days' journey, discovered on an affluent of the Congo a fine large lake, which he named after the royal patron of the expedition, Leopold II. There was a strange charm in exploring those virgin solitudes.

They were the first
That ever burst
Into that silent sea.

* He was attacked with fever, he tells us, 120 times while in Africa.

The prescient mind of Stanley anticipated the day when the fertile soil and the salubrious climate of this vast region should become the scene of active industry and of Christian civilization.

Stanley's health was much broken and he was compelled, after three years' absence, to return to Europe to recuperate. The voyage, in a filthy and crowded Portuguese vessel, lasted over a month. The success of his exploitation had been so great that it was resolved to prosecute the work with increased energy; to arrange for the construction of a railway around the interrupted reaches of the river, and for retaining the guardianship of the country through which it would pass.

After six weeks' stay in Europe Stanley returned, much invigorated, to Africa. He found the state of things greatly demoralized at Vivi and Leopoldville, through the incompetence and lack of energy of the white agents. "They had already," he says, "given me more trouble than all the African tribes put together." "I had rather," he adds, "be condemned to be a boot-black all my life than to be a dry-nurse to beings who had no higher claims to manhood than that externally they might be pretty pictures of men." Many of the subordinate officers had disappeared; conflicts with the natives had broken out which he had to appease. Leopoldville was on the verge of starvation, although abundant supplies were lying at Vivi. The station was grass-grown and ruinous. One of the steel steamers had lain seventeen months in the water and was almost ruined with rust. Several men had been lost by accident or in quarrels with the natives, etc. Two rival missions had engaged in a "religious duel with more zeal than devotion."

Soon the indefatigable energy of Stanley brought order out of chaos. Food became again plentiful. Peace was made with the native tribes. An open mart for trade was established at the station. Everybody was set to work, and a fresh expedition was organized for exploring the Upper Congo.

This expedition occupied a month's monotonous journey—monotonous on account of the very prodigality of the forest growths. The river was one and a-half times the size of the Mississippi, with "room enough and to spare to stow the half of Europe on its comfortable borders." The monotonous diet also wearied the European palates, and provoked Stanley to exclaim, "It is only a grand moral manhood like Livingstone's

that rises above those petty vanities of a continental stomach. Think of his thirty-two years' life in Africa, and of the unsophisticated mannikins who to-day are weeping their eyes out at the memories of a European restaurant before they have been three months out."

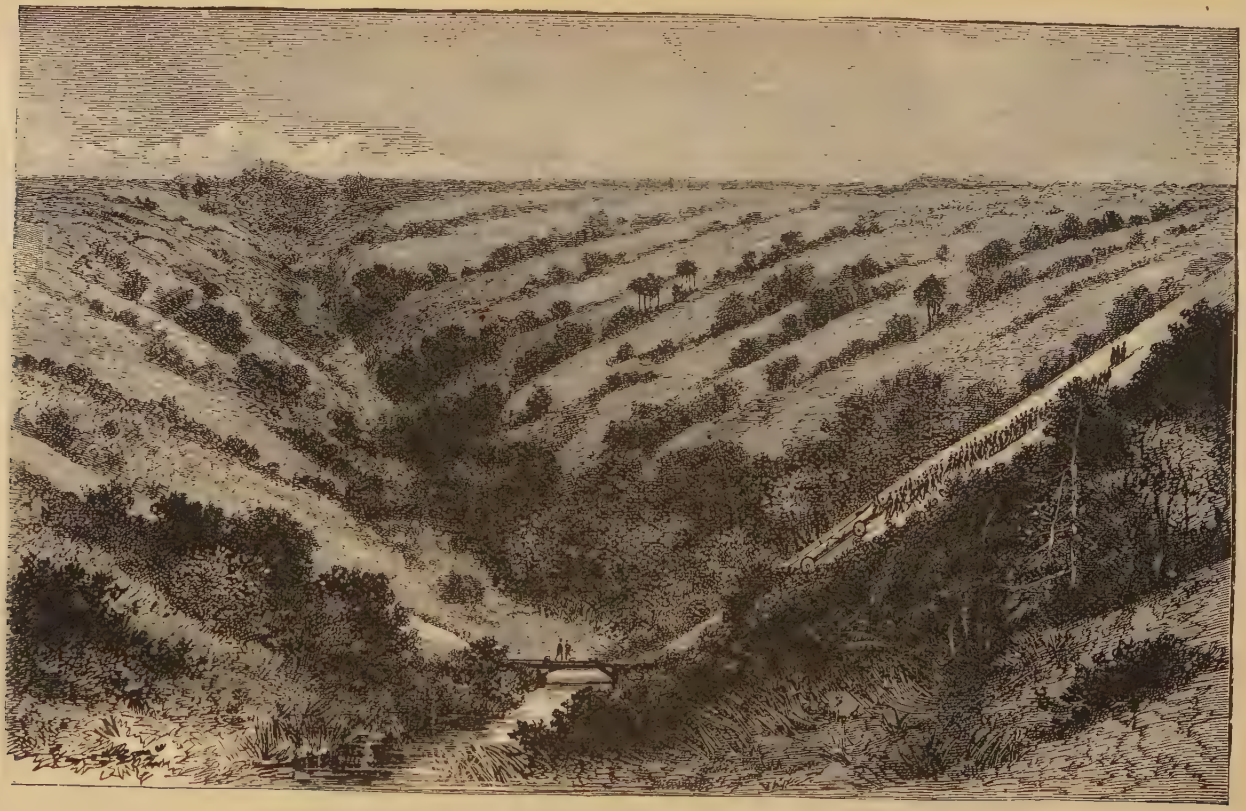
Almost everywhere the natives proved friendly and keen for trade. "I was much inspired," says Stanley, "at their intelligent appearance. They had an air of worldly knowledge and travel about them. From Stanley Pool to Upoto, a distance of 600 miles, they knew every landing-place on the river." They were greatly interested in the steamers which now first breasted the Congo's flood. "It must be strong medicine," they said, "that, that the engineers were cooking all day in the black pots (boilers)."

At last in N. lat. 0° 1′ 0″ Stanley planted the Equator Station and left a little garrison of fifty men, and then returned again to Stanley Pool, which was reached after two months' absence. But evil tidings again awaited our explorers. Three of the river stations had been destroyed, one by fire,* with the loss of £1,500 of stores, and thirteen men were drowned. The Bolobo tribe broke out in war, the first hostile shot fired by the natives in four years. They were soon subdued to peace, and then awed into terror by an exhibition of the effects of a small Krupp cannon.

Three months later Equator Station, 757 miles from the sea and 412 from Leopoldville, was revisited and found to be admirably established and strengthened. Stanley now proceeded 600 miles further up the stream to plant a new station and make treaties with the populous tribes. It was a dangerous experiment. For along this long river reach, crowded with hostile villages, he had run the dreadful gauntlet in 1877. But the potent "medicine" of the steam-launches awed the barbaric tribes with some sense of supernatural power and they were glad to make treaties of peace. More than fifty times Stanley made blood brotherhood with those dusky chiefs—"his poor arm," he says, "being scarified and his blood shed for the cause of civilization."

He grows enthusiastic over the resources and beauty of the

*This was afterwards a second time destroyed by fire.



ASCENT OF A SLOPE IN THE MPAGASSA GORGE.

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country; the many islands with the gold, white, and crimson flowers, fragrant as a grove of spices, and the noble forest trees "approached in aspect," he says, "as near Eden's loveliness as anything I shall see on this side of Paradise." But the chief interest was that of the human communities whose brawny muscles he hoped to enlist in the service of civilization. "In every cordial-faced aborigine whom I met," he says, "I see a promise of assistance to me in the redemption of himself from the state of unproductiveness in which he at present lives."

Some of the native towns were quite large, containing as many as 8,000 or even 12,000 people. In this once populous region the flotilla passed scores of deserted villages, and then a fleet of a thousand canoes, containing about 5,000 fugitives* from a band of Arab slave-dealers who for hundreds of miles laid waste the country in their horrid work. Stanley soon overtook this band of men-stealers, who had coralled like cattle 2,300 fettered slaves, chained in groups of twenty each, and wallowing in filth and misery. They were all women and children, not a man among them. To capture these they had ravaged a country larger than Ireland, with 118 towns and villages, occupied by a million people, and had murdered, Stanley estimated, 33,000 persons. Our hero longed for a British gunboat and for authority to sweep the miscreants from the face of the earth. The founding of the Congo Free State will do much to heal that "open sore of the world," the slave-trade.

At the fisheries at Stanley Falls, nearly fifteen hundred miles from the mouth of the Congo, a site for a station was bought for £160, and a little Scotchman, named Binnie, with thirty-one blacks, were left here as an advance guard of civilization.

After an absence of 146 days Stanley returned to Leopoldville, having travelled 3,050 miles on the great river. He made treaties of peace and friendship with 450 sovereign chiefs. He pays a high tribute to the influence of Christian missions. The Livingstone Mission, with the expenditure of £100, produced in his mind a greater degree of pleasure than the thriftless expenditure of £10,000 by the International Colonization Society. Indeed, the unthrift of the mass of European agents made him sad and sore at heart. The Society sent out abundant supplies,

* A fleet of 12,000 fugitives was afterwards met.

but it was very difficult to get energetic agents. Some of the malingerers cost hundreds of pounds for medicines and delicacies. General Gordon wrote to Stanley, in January, 1884, "I will willingly serve with and under you, and we will, God helping, kill the slave-traders in their haunts. No such efficacious means of cutting at the root of the slave-trade was ever presented as that which God has opened to us." But the gallant Christian hero was soon summoned to meet his strange fate in the Soudan.

Mr. Stanley returned to Vivi on April 24th. He found the affairs of that station in a very unpromising state, owing to the negligence and incompetence of some of the European agents and superintendents, who were not of his own selection. There had been great waste of the Company's property, as well as waste of time; and Stanley, who was personally animated by strong feelings of duty and honour, might well be indignant. He soon put matters right, and then, leaving all the stations in charge of trustworthy men, returned to Europe, arriving at the end of July, 1884. He gave lectures on the resources of the Congo during the autumn months, while friendly diplomatists, above all the powerful German statesman, Prince Bismarck, took up the question of creating a neutral Free State in that region, as the alternative of permitting it wholly to become a Portuguese dominion. Prince Bismarck, desirous of aiding the Association for the sake of German trade, proposed the holding of a European Conference, which assembled at Berlin in November to settle every territorial question, and to decree resolutions for the free navigation and traffic of the Congo. At the meetings of the Conference, which ended on February 26th, Stanley attended as "technical adviser." The French, British, German, Austrian, Belgian, Russian, Italian, Portuguese, Spanish, and other Governments were represented by their ambassadors, aided by special delegates and experts. They consented, one after another, formally to recognize the International Association of the Congo as a new State, and conventions were made by it with France and Portugal, relating to changes of territory, which were satisfactory to Stanley and his principals. The dominions finally assigned to France and Portugal, on the western side of Central Africa, are of great extent and value;

but the Free State, of which King Leopold is the head, covers two-thirds of the whole breadth of Central Africa, as far east as Lake Tanganyika; while to the north it approaches the confluents of the Upper Nile; and to the south it is on the watershed dividing the sources of the Congo from the Zambesi. It has only a very little bit of sea-coast; but many hundred miles of the great river flow through its territory, which is rich in a variety of products affording good mercantile profit. It is announced that the King of the Belgians, President of the International Association of the Congo, has conferred the appointment of Governor of the Free State upon the bold explorer and successful administrator by whose labours that region has been won to geographical science and civilization. The present disposition of the natives seems all that could be wished; and we doubt not that, while Mr. Stanley is Governor, the Congo Free State may have a good chance of prosperity, and its administration may benefit the general interests of mankind.

The construction of 150 miles of railway around the rapids of the Congo will open up to commerce 10,000 miles of river navigation through a country peopled by 43,000,000 of inhabitants. Among its resources are ivory, palm oil, rubber, gums, varnish, ground-nuts, precious woods, fruits, rice, sugar, cotton, maize, iron, copper, coal, etc. France secures as a result of previous exploration 257,000 square miles—equal to the area of England and France combined. Portugal secures nearly half as much more. The Congo Free State covers 1,660,000 square miles, or about seven times the area of both France and England together, while the free trade area covers 2,400,000 square miles, extending across the whole of Central Africa to within one degree of the East Coast. This vast region is secured forever for free trade. The slave trade is to be rigidly suppressed. Italy, to its honour, sought to suppress the liquor traffic, but Germany and Holland strenuously objected. But the nefarious traffic is to be rigidly regulated. Missions are to be protected and encouraged. These rights are guaranteed by the signatures of fourteen European Powers.

The founding of such a State is, we think, one of the greatest achievements ever permitted to man, and to its accomplishment

no one has contributed so much, as, by his seventeen years of exploration and toil, has Henry M. Stanley.

We have only outlined in this article his remarkable work. For the details of the picture we must refer our readers to the volumes under review. In their graphic pages will be found a record, of absorbing interest, of the difficulties and dangers and discouragements of his task, of the heroic achievements by which they were overcome, and of the magnificent results which have followed his labours.

ANOTHER YEAR.

BY R. M. OFFORD.

I KNOW not what the year may bring,
Nor know I what the year may take,
But take or bring whate'er it may,
I know that there can come no day
In which I may not trust and sing,
"The Lord my soul will not forsake."

His promise stands forever sure;
'Mid changing scenes unchanging, He;
Whatever else may pass away,
Upon His word my faith I'll stay:
His mercy must for aye endure,
And that is joy enough for me.

Should care be mine or loss of health,
Or poverty or loss of friends,
Since the dear Lord of all is mine,
My soul shall never more repine;
For happiness comes not of wealth,
Nor joy on earthly source depends.

Come bane or blessing, good or ill,
All things are under His control;
The boundless universe His care,
I none the less His mercy share,
And all things serve to work His will
For the best welfare of my soul.

So will I start the year with song,
And bless God's name from day to day;
Sing when the sky is clear and bright,
Sing 'mid the darkness of the night;
Through all I will His praise prolong,
And praising pass from earth away.

THE FINAL OUTCOME OF SIN.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND, D.D.

I.

THE gospel is the good news of salvation through Jesus Christ. It reveals God's method of saving men; and there is no other method, that we know anything about, whereby they can be saved. What, then, is to become of those who obey not the gospel,—who live and die rejecting it?

To this question various answers have been given. Some say—"They will have another chance—another probation;" others say—"They will be punished for a lengthened period and then annihilated;" others say—"They will be punished for an indefinite time (how long we do not know), and then be restored to Divine favour and admitted to heaven;" while others again hold that the wicked will be punished forever: that neither by restoration nor annihilation will their punishment cease.

This awful question cannot be settled by reason alone, for we have not sufficient data on which to base conclusions; neither can it be decided by experience, for as yet the rewards and punishments of the future are but truths in man's intellect, not facts in his history. Still less can we decide it by our instincts or desires. We are not at liberty to reject a truth because we do not like it. All we know, or can know in this life, about this doctrine must come from revelation; for only one who has been behind the veil, and knows the end from the beginning, can speak with authority. If, then, we would avoid mistakes which all eternity cannot rectify, we must listen reverently to what God the Lord hath spoken.

Within the past few years the doctrine of future—especially eternal—punishment has been widely discussed. A good deal of vehement rhetoric has been expended in denouncing the doctrine as derogatory to the Divine character,—thus presenting the awful spectacle of sinful, short-sighted men sitting in judgment on their Maker, and presuming to settle what is and what is not becoming in the administration of His government. So, in for-

mer times, men vehemently denied that the earth revolved around the sun; but in spite of all their clamour the earth still swept onward in its orbit with majestic pace, and so, in spite of reckless denunciations, God's mighty truths will march onward to the accomplishment of His vast designs.

It is worthy of note that those who denounce the doctrine of eternal punishment fight very shy of Scripture. But what else could be expected, since the texts which, to say the least, *seem* to teach the doctrine, are so numerous and plain that nothing short of utter distortion can make them mean anything else; while the few that are pressed into the service to buttress up the notions of annihilation or restoration give an unwilling testimony and afford a feeble support.

And yet, in all fairness, I must admit that the objections of the more thoughtful opponents of this solemn truth do not lie so much against the doctrine as taught in the Scriptures, as against that monstrous perversion of it which at one period was almost universal throughout Christendom: another count in the indictment of the cast-iron theology of Augustine and Calvin, which made God a merciless tyrant to a majority of His creatures, and man the helpless victim of His vindictive rage.

In the present paper we limit the discussion to the case of those who have heard the gospel. If the unenlightened heathen are to be punished hereafter, it will not be for disobeying a gospel they never heard. But with the heathen we have, at present, nothing to do. We only desire to ascertain, if possible, what is the final outlook for those who from the sound of a preached gospel, and the presence of a crucified Christ, go unsaved to death and the judgment.

There are certain truths in reference to which all believers in revelation hold common ground. All believe in Divine government and law; in the probationary character of man's present state; in a final judgment when the good shall be rewarded and the wicked shall be punished. But just here, in regard to the nature and duration of the punishment, there is wide divergence of opinion. This is the point on which we desire light. Is the punishment of the wicked to last forever? or shall it cease at length in restoration to the Divine favour, or in utter extinction of being? To put it in the incisive words of inspiration, "What shall the end be (*lit.*, 'the ultimate destiny') of them that obey not the gospel of God?"

I. It Shall Not be a Second Probation.

1. *A second probation implies that men may be saved through some other medium than the death and intercession of Jesus Christ.* The Scriptures clearly teach that now the government of the world is in the hands of a Mediator; but at the end of man's probation as a race, Jesus ascends the throne of judgment, bestows rewards and assigns to punishment, and having put down all antagonistic authority and power, delivers up the kingdom to God the Father (1 Cor. xv. 24–28). Then the mediation of Christ will cease, and the name of Jesus will no longer be available as a sinner's plea. If, therefore, a sinner can be forgiven and saved during a second probation, it must be on other conditions and by other means than in the present life: and if by other means and on other grounds than the death and intercession of the Son of God, then the death of Jesus was a terrible mistake; for if God can forgive and save a sinner in a future state without a Saviour, He can in this. If He cannot in this life, He cannot at all.

But possibly some advocate of a second probation may say, "You mistake our meaning. We have no expectation of successive probations beyond the judgment; we only claim that in the interval between death and the judgment those who had no chance in this life,—who never heard of a Saviour's love, who were surrounded from infancy by the darkness of heathenism,—will have an opportunity of hearing and accepting the gospel."

If this be what is meant by a second probation, it does not touch the class whose case we are now considering, namely, those who heard the gospel but did not obey it. For them no second probation can be claimed on the ground that they had no light. The ground of their condemnation will be that they "loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds" were "evil." And even in regard to the heathen the claim is irrelevant, for they will not be judged by the law of a gospel revelation, but only by the law written in their hearts.

2. *To claim a second probation is to charge God with want of fairness in His dealings,* since it implies that a sufficient chance has not been given to some in a first probation. Sufficient chance of what? Why, of knowing the gospel and the way to heaven. But observe, the condemnation is not that they

did not *know* the gospel, but that knowing it they did not *obey.* That which God requires of every man is that he follow promptly and faithfully the light he has; and surely, upon the very face of it, all men have an equal chance of that. If the heathen are condemned it is not because they did not believe on Jesus, of whom they had never heard, but because "when they knew God, they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened." And if the heathen, who have only the light of nature and the natural conscience, are without excuse, much morethey who have the light of Divine revelation in the person and teachings of Jesus Christ. On no grounds of equity can they claim a second probation.

3. *A second probation could not bring within our reach Divine agencies more potent than those now employed.*—God does not bring men to Himself by a force which compels the will, but by an appeal to motives the most powerful that can influence human conduct. Is belief of the gospel necessary to salvation? There will be no new gospel preached "unto the spirits in prison" whose truths can outweigh those of the "gospel of the grace of God." Is a Divine Saviour the only object of saving faith? There is no other Christ who, in the other world, can bid the sinner "look and live." Is a Divine Spirit the only power that can awaken the conscience and renew the heart? That Spirit operates among men here and now, but we have no hint in Scripture that He carries on His regenerating work in the world to come And if these mighty agencies fail, in any instance, to bring men to repentance *here,* is there reason to believe the same agencies,—or others, if such are conceivable, —will be more successful *there?* On the contrary, the probabilities of salvation during a second probation, if such were afforded, would be vastly less than during a first, for a man would enter that second probation with hardened sensibilities, with the sins of a first probation already in his way, and with the increased difficulties arising from matured bad character, and fixed habits of resisting the Spirit of God.

But, it is contended, the advantage of a second probation would be this:—In the spirit world the supreme importance of salvation would be so clearly seen and so deeply felt, that men would then yield to the Spirit of God and be saved. The idea

seems plausible, but in reality is utterly fallacious. It assumes there are other means of convincing men more powerful than the truth and Spirit of God. But this point has been settled by one from whose decision there is no appeal:—"If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither would they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." It is not more light and pressure from *without* that men need, but simply willingness *within*.

4. *The doctrine of a second probation, without express Divine warrant, implies a hundred or a thousand;* for no better reasons could be assigned for punishing an impenitent sinner at the end of a second probation than at the end of a first. But at the close of each succeeding probation the probabilities of the salvation of the impenitent would be inconceivably lessened; and so for such we are driven to the alternative of eternal probation or eternal punishment. There is a universal tendency among men to "neglect" the "great salvation," and one of the most powerful motives to dissuade them from this is furnished by the near approach of the day when, as they believe, life and opportunity shall cease together. Hold out to such the prospect of a second probation, and the force of this motive is entirely neutralized; for the great majority of unconverted men would desire nothing better than to continue as they are through an unending probation. Therefore, as the tendency of this doctrine is to lead men to neglect salvation, it cannot be from God.

5. *Above all, there is no hint in Scripture that men will have a second probation.*—All that is said there on the subject of man's destiny points in an opposite direction. He is exhorted to "flee from the wrath to come," and "lay hold on eternal life;" he is warned that the barren ground "is rejected, and is nigh unto cursing, whose end is to be burned;" he is assured that "now is the accepted time, behold even now is the day of salvation;" he is summoned, as it were in advance, to the judgment, and hears the voice of Christ saying, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels: for I was an hungered, and ye gave Me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave Me no drink. I was a stranger, and ye took Me not in: naked, and ye clothed Me not: sick and in prison, and ye visited Me not;"—as though to remind him that

the opportunity for these "works meet for repentance" (feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting the sick and the prisoner) would cease the moment he left this world. And from all these words of solemn warning is not this the appeal that comes to our hearts to-day:—"See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh." "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

II. It Shall Not be Annihilation.

This view of man's final destiny has been much pressed of late; but it seems to me to be only a blind attempt to escape from a perverted notion of the doctrine of everlasting punishment. The vindictive theology of a by-gone day has conjured up a horrid demon, before which many have recoiled in terror, and have sought refuge in the theory of the utter extinction of being. The theory is based upon materialism—the denial of man's natural immortality. It is contended that whatever may have been man's primitive endowments, he, in consequence of sin, became mortal in soul as well as in body; that eternal life, in the sense of immortality, belongs only to those who believe in Jesus Christ, and all others are doomed to ultimate annihilation. Some appear to hold that this extinction of being takes place at death; while others hold that it occurs only after a long period of suffering subsequent to the final judgment. But it matters little which view is presented, since both are repugnant to reason and Scripture. It is seen that the passages which teach a resurrection of both good and bad are too numerous and plain to be set aside; but a theory has been propounded to the effect that though the sinner dies, soul and body, like the brutes, and there is an end of him, yet God, in some miraculous way, keeps some part of him alive till the judgment-day, when the body is raised and re-united with the soul, and then he is to be tormented in such a manner and for such a time as may seem good to Divine justice, after which he is to be abolished out of the universe. To this view there are strong and, I think, unanswerable objections:—

1. *Belief in immortality has been almost universal from the earliest ages.*—The Egyptians believed it, and taught the doctrine of future rewards and punishments. So in Assyria, in Greece, and in India, the idea of immortality prevailed, "and

was a tremendous factor in the religious "life of the world." In India this thought of immortality, apart from any knowledge of a Saviour, was so terrible, that they sought refuge in the doctrine of a final painless absorption of the human spirit into the Supreme. Here, then, we have, long before gospel times, a belief in immortality well-nigh universal, and this universality of the idea proves it to be one of those primal truths, inwoven in the very fibres of being by the God who made us,—an inward and unanswerable conviction that while the body is subject to death and decay, there is that within us which survives alike the flight of time and the ravages of sickness, and which shall still endure when all earthly things have passed away. It is nowhere said that the gospel originated the doctrine, but that it was brought to light by the gospel,—brought out of the dim region of guesses, and hopes, and inferences, into the clear light of plain revelation. And yet we are sometimes told that this is a new doctrine, and that the almost universal belief in it that preceded Christianity was but a delusion and a dream; which is tantamount to saying that the heathen had dreamed out a grander idea of man's nature and destiny than the Scriptures have revealed; that the Bible which proclaims that the Incarnate God died for man, also declares that the race for whom He died are but a race of superior brutes!

But, we are told, the Hebrew term for soul covers alike the soul of man and of animals, and therefore they must belong to the same order. Now, if this were so it would prove nothing; for I find in the Scriptures other statements concerning man's nature and destiny which mark him off as something entirely distinct and different from the brutes. In the first chapter of Genesis we read: "And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind;" but a little farther on we read: "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion," so "the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of lives; and man became a living soul." The Psalmist declares that God made man "a little lower than the angels," and "crowned him with glory and honour," but no such statement is made in the Scriptures concerning the brutes.

2. *The Scriptures constantly assume the immortality of the soul as a doctrine that needs no proof.*—Materialists and annihilationists often tell us that the immortality of the soul is nowhere expressly asserted in Scripture. Neither, for that matter, is the existence of God. Moses, in the first verse of Genesis, does not assert or prove the existence of God, but assuming it as an indisputable truth, he begins with the announcement that "God created the heavens and the earth." The same is true in regard to the doctrine of immortality: it is everywhere assumed as a truth having the force of an axiom, and requiring no proof. When the record of Enoch's translation was penned, did the Holy Spirit intend us to believe that he died like a beast? Can we for a moment conceive that the Twenty-third Psalm was uttered by one who believed not in immortality? When Elijah soared into heaven in his chariot of fire, did Elisha, gazing upward, suppose that he had ceased to be? It is utterly incredible. The whole Jewish life was saturated with the idea of immortal life. It was a truth universally regarded as beyond dispute. And if any one shall say these were the utterances, and these the experiences, of believers, all of whom have immortal life in Christ, our answer is ready: He who knew all the secrets of the invisible world, for He had been there, has lifted the veil and let in a flash of light: "The rich man also died and was buried; and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments." This was not a believer, and yet he lives on in conscious existence beyond death and burial. I know how this awful passage is by some twisted and distorted to get it out of the way of the annihilation theory; but there it stands, and will be a swift witness against such in the great day.

3. *The terms used in Scripture to describe the future doom of the wicked do not convey the idea of annihilation.*—The contrary, I know, is often asserted with a conceited confidence that is supposed to end all dispute; but a little reflection will show on what slender grounds the assertion is made. Suppose it to be true that in Scripture a term is sometimes used to describe the doom of the wicked, the ordinary meaning of which is destruction, this is just what might be expected. When "holy men of old" were "moved by the Holy Ghost" to speak concerning the future of the wicked, they were not supplied with a

new vocabulary in which to utter their conceptions; they used terms with which they were already familiar, "enlarging their meanings to the measure of that larger world." The Christian revelation has given a new meaning to such words as "life" and "death," "salvation" and "destruction." "But," say the advocates of the annihilation theory, "these words are always used in Scripture in their exact, literal meaning." Are they, indeed? Let us try. Take, for example, these sayings of Christ: "If a man keep My sayings he shall never see death." "He that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." This was spoken after the death of Lazarus, who had suffered dissolution, and would suffer it again. Is the word "death" used here in its literal meaning? Not so. Evidently Christ intended to call attention to a new meaning of the word.

Again, it is contended by some that men have immortality only in Christ, and that all who are not in Him shall perish, in the sense of ceasing to be. This is a fundamental error, and arises from confusion in the use of terms. It confounds "life" with mere "existence." We know that "the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ," and if life meant mere existence, the natural inference would be that those who had not accepted Christ would, at death, cease to be. But the "gift" which the believer receives is not immortality; all men have that in the very nature with which God has endowed them; but he receives that gift which lifts *existence* into LIFE,—that which make immortality a source of endless and unspeakable joy. Then it must be remembered that most annihilationists hold that man does not utterly cease to be at death; but that some part of him—enough, perhaps, to identify him at the resurrection—is kept in existence by God, through the long, terrible ages preceding the judgment; that then the soul and body, being re-united, shall suffer horrible torments through a period whose duration no man can tell; and when they have suffered long enough to satisfy Divine justice, they shall sink into utter annihilation. *But what is this something that lives on?* According to the theory the man is dead, body and soul; hence this something is not the body—that has turned to dust; neither is it the soul—that has ceased to be. Is it, then, something called into existence to take the place of that which has ceased to be? If so, it is no part of the man, hence can have

no connection with him at the judgment. This something is either part of the man or it is not; but if it is, then there is some part of him which survives the shock of death, and may survive forever.

This word "death" is, by annihilationists, sadly misinterpreted and misapplied. It is assumed that the law, "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die," refers to physical dissolution; but that although man did eat the prohibited fruit, the law was suspended by the introduction of a redemptive scheme. This is a mere assumption. There was no suspension of the law. In the very day that man transgressed, he died in the sense in which God had used the term. He lost his true life, the life of God in the soul. Death, in the sense of physical dissolution, is a universal law of nature, and therefore is not the penalty of sin. The Scriptures nowhere assert that the *cause* of death is sin, though they declare that the *sting* of death is. But perhaps some reader is saying, "Surely you forget the passage which declares, "by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin," and that other awful declaration, "the wages of sin is death." No; I do not forget these Scriptures: I only remember what so many seem to have forgotten, or never knew, that the leading reference in these passages is not to physical dissolution at all, but to that infinitely more terrible thing, the loss of Divine life,—death forever in trespasses and sins.

I know it is very generally supposed that but for the interposition of a redemptive scheme, a sentence of literal death would have been executed upon the first transgressors, and thus the human race would have become extinct. This also is a mere assumption, growing out of a false interpretation of the term "death." If the interposition of a Saviour could alone prevent the extinction of a sinful race, how comes it that the devil and his angels have not been annihilated? At any rate we may rest assured that had no Saviour been provided, the extinction of the human race would have been an act of mercy rather than judgment; since the perpetuation of a sinful race without a Saviour would have been only an unmitigated curse.

4. *This doctrine becomes increasingly repugnant when viewed in the light of redeeming love.*—The promise of Divine Incarnation for human redemption dates back to the time of

man's first sin; but the theory to which we refer presents the awful spectacle of the mighty God becoming incarnate to confer immortality upon a race, or part of a race, of brutes; while the marvellous expenditure of Calvary was for the redemption of one "whom a brick-bat might extinguish in an instant!" Oh, if immortality were not man's natural and inalienable birthright, would not it have been infinitely more merciful to have suffered the race to become extinct at the fountain-head, than to suspend a law and bestow upon them a fresh lease of an existence that to multitudes would prove only a corroding curse? But if immortality be man's native endowment, then we begin to see why such mighty agencies were put in operation to save him from self-wrought and eternal ruin, and we get another ray of light upon the wondrous story that "God so loved the world." I know it is common enough to hear the statement that there was nothing in man to attract God's love. I make bold—not in the spirit of pride or boasting, but of reverent thankfulness to God—to assert the contrary. They were His children, and though wayward and rebellious, He loved them still. His image had been in them, though now marred and defaced; and to restore that image, and bring back the wandering children, the Lord of glory stooped from heaven to earth, and the Son of God became the Son of man. But in the light of this monstrous doctrine of annihilation, what means the expression "Son of man?" It can mean only "Son of an animal!" for inasmuch as "the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same."

WHAT WILL THE NEW YEAR BRING?

WILL the New Year bring greetings
  Blithesome and gay?
Long looked for meetings,
  Joy's sunny day?
    Father, we know not!
    Coming joys show not!
Hear our entreatings—
  Show Thou the way

Will the New Year bring weeping—
  Sorrows increase?
Will the New Year bring sleeping—
  Quiet release?
    Father, most tender,
    We can surrender
All to Thy keeping—
  Grant us Thy peace!

THE FOUR GOSPELS.*

BY F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.,
Archdeacon and Canon of Westminster.

I.—THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW.

WHEN we desire to know something about a book our first question is, "Who wrote it?" Fortunately we know that the author of the Gospel which stands first in our New Testament was the Apostle St. Matthew. We are told but little about him personally. He was a son of Alphæus, a brother of James the Little; possibly, as tradition has said, a kinsman of our Lord according to the flesh. The Gospels, not excepting his own, record nothing about him except his call and his farewell feast. He had been a publican; that is, he had held the low and despised office of collector of the taxes imposed by the conquering Romans on his oppressed fellow-countrymen.

That office was all the baser because of its gainfulness. It was usually stained with dishonesty. In a Jew it bore the stigma of unpatriotic subservience to an alien oppression. From a position thus sordid and despised one word of Christ redeemed him. Touched by the Ithuriel spear of his Master's love, he sprang up from a tax-gatherer into an apostle. He who rejected the scribe accepted the publican, and enabled the subservient official to work side by side with the flaming zealot. One farewell feast to his old companions, on a Pharisaic fast-day—a feast in which the guests were so numerous as to prove that St. Matthew had something to lose by the abandonment of his functions—and then, forsaking all, he followed Christ. It is he alone who has appended to his own name the opprobrious addition of "Matthew the publican." In that single word, "the publican," and in the absolute suppression of his own personality throughout the Gospel, we see the deep humility of the Evangelist. Not one incident, not one question, of his is recorded. He occupied a very retiring and humble position in the apostolic band. As to the death or labours of

*Abridged from Canon Farrar's latest work, *The Messages of the Books.* New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $4.

St. Matthew we know nothing. It is said that he went forth from Jerusalem as a missionary; but whither he went—whether to Æthiopia or to Parthia—is uncertain; nor is it known whether he died peacefully, or whether he won the martyr's crown.

The Gospel of St. Matthew was, in all probability, the earliest of the four. It is natural to suppose that when the demand for a written Gospel had arisen, the Church would desire to possess such a document from the pen of an actual Apostle. Silent, observant, faithful, belonging to the Lord's own friends and relations, familiar with the art of writing by the necessities of his trade, and not otherwise prominently engaged in apostolic work, St. Matthew may have been specially marked out for that high task.

Had we not possessed the Gospels we should certainly have been willing to sacrifice whole libraries, nay, whole languages and literatures, in exchange for authentic details, attested by contemporary evidence, of the human life of Him "whose bleeding hand lifted the gates of the centuries off their hinges," and whose words and deeds have stirred to their inmost depths the hearts of men—yes, even of those who believe not Him. But in St. Matthew's Gospel we have a sketch of the life of Christ—and probably the earliest of them—by one who was perhaps the kinsman of Jesus; certainly His Apostle; certainly one of His chosen Twelve; certainly one of those who had lived in His nearest intimacy;—by one who had walked and talked with Him in the fields of Galilee, and on the slopes of Olivet; one who had sat with Him in the synagogue, and sailed with Him in the boat, and prayed with Him under the star-lit sky; one who had seen and heard, and his hands had handled the Word of Life:—and that which he had seen and heard declares he unto us.

Every book worth calling a book is written with an object; what is the object of the Gospel of St. Matthew? If the book be part of a revelation, what does it reveal? We have seen that it is infinitely valuable as a record of Christ's life and work by one who knew Him. But how does it differ from the other Gospels? What was the special conception of the Evangelist? Under what distinct aspect does he represent the Lord of Life?

Even apart from unanimous tradition, we should see at a

glance that he wrote mainly for his own countrymen. It was plainly his object—his "one literary passion"—to connect the Law with the Gospel; to fling an illuminated bridge of inspired truth between the Old and the New Dispensations; to connect the memories of his readers with their hopes; to show that the Lord of the Christian was the Messiah of the Jew. It was St. Matthew's task to show that in the Old Testament the New was prefigured, and in the New Testament the Old was revealed. These are not mere theories. St. Matthew alone calls Jerusalem the "Holy City," and the "Holy Place," and the "City of the great King." Seven times he calls our Lord "the Son of David." He derives his genealogy not, as St. Luke does, from Adam the ancestor of mankind, but from Abraham the Jewish forefather, and David the Jewish king. He alone speaks of Christianity as "the consummation of the Ages." He has upwards of sixty references to the Old Testament. His ever-recurring formula is, "that it might be fulfilled." He conceived of Christianity primarily as the "bright consummate flower," and perfected fruit of Judaism. The stumbling-blocks of the Jews were the deep humiliation of Jesus; His rejection by their rulers; His death of shame; His depreciation of their oral and Levitic Law. It was St. Matthew's task to show, by the simple testimony of truth, that in all this Jesus had but fulfilled to the letter the ideal of their grandest prophecies. He desired to set Jesus forth to them as their very Christ; the Legislator of a new and spiritual Law; the King of a new and spiritual dominion; the Prophet of a new and universal Church; the Divine Messiah who should soon resolve all doubts, returning on the clouds of Heaven to judge and save. Thus in St. Matthew we have the very essence of the Christian faith—the close of the old Æons; the dawn of the last Revelation; the proclamation of that which he alone of the Evangelists calls, in Jewish phraseology, "the Kingdom of the Heavens."

Few have fully realized the antique simplicity, the monumental grandeur with which the Evangelist has carried out his design, the magnificent unity and fine construction of this Gospel. We see throughout an art which is all the more effective from its simple unconsciousness. He begins with the genealogy, to show that Jesus was of royal descent—the root and offspring of David. Then, just as the old religious painters of Italy throw out their exquisite colours on a golden ground,

so the Evangelist paints his divine picture on the golden background of the Nativity and the Infancy. Even in doing this he shadows forth the double motive of his picture—which is partly to show that Christ's life, in its every incident, fulfilled the words of ancient prophecy; and, partly, that He came not only to reign but to suffer, not only to reveal but to die. Hence, side by side with the homage of the Magi we have the massacre of the Innocents; side by side with the royal descent the flight into Egypt; side by side with the visions of angels the taunt of the "Nazarene." We see from the first that Jesus was the Messiah by suffering, though He was not only the Son of David, but the Son of God. The plan is carried out with perfect consistency.

After the Genealogy and the Infancy begins the Prelude—the ministry of the Forerunner and the preparation of the Christ. Each has its heavenly radiance, each its deepened shadow. The splendid success of the Baptist ends in his melancholy imprisonment; the Saviour's unction from the Holy One is followed immediately by the Temptation in the Wilderness.

After this prelude the central mass of the book falls into two great divisions—the Ministry and the Passion: Christ the Redeemer by revelation; Christ the Redeemer by death; Christ the Word of God, making His Father known; Christ the Lamb of God, dying for the sins of the world.

The first stage consists of the Sermon on the Mount and ten miracles. Christ as the New Prophet and Lawgiver, in the Sermon on the Mount, lays down the high spiritual laws of the kingdom of Heaven. There are no rolling clouds as at Sinai, no crashing thunder, no careering fires, no congregated wings of the rushing angelic host; yet this Galilean hill, with its calm voice, its lowly Teacher, its listening multitude, its lilies sprinkled on the green grass, is the Sinai of the New Covenant. Those beatitudes are its decalogue, those virtues its ritual. Prayer and alms, holiness and humbleness of heart—there you have the Leviticus of Christianity, the Pentateuch of spiritual worship. The glow of teaching is followed by the blaze of miracle. With other words of instruction are interwoven successive works of power, which are only selected as specimens of an unrecorded multitude.

Then we enter, in xvi. 21, on the second great section—the Passion Music of this Divine Tragedy. The world has rejected

Christ, but the Apostles have confessed Him. Henceforth the main task of the Saviour is not the appeal to the multitudes, but the training of the disciples. From this point Jesus consciously enters upon the path of death. Henceforth He is recognized by His disciples; but the struggle for life with the leaders of His people has begun. With ever-advancing clearness, at Cæsarea; at Capernaum; on the road to Jerusalem; at Jerusalem itself; the Lord predicts His death, His betrayal, His mockery, His crucifixion; and each time with these, His Resurrection. After the first prediction comes the Transfiguration; and in each case we have the "rainbow, like unto an emerald," spanning the black clouds—the line of glory transfusing or running side by side with the line of humiliation. The fourth prediction is preluded in the 23rd and 24th chapters by two discourses of overwhelming significance, viz., the denunciation in which He hurls at the Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, His thunders and lightnings of terrible invective; and the discourse on the fall of Jerusalem and the end of the world.

After this fourth prediction follows at once the unspeakable tragedy of the closing scenes—the anointing; the betrayal; the desertion; the arrest; the agony; the denials; the trial; the mockery; the torture; the cross; the grave. And then, after this midnight of horror and of mystery, as with one awful "Now"—from the grey dawn to the rosy flush, to the bursting splendour, to the risen sun, to the all-pervading daylight—in pulse after pulse of radiance, in flood after flood of sunshine—there beam upon us the empty sepulchre; the angel visions; the triumph over death; the Resurrection; the appearances to the assembled disciples; the vast commission; the illimitable promise of a Presence with us for evermore. Language will hardly describe for us the grandeur of this consummation. We require for its due apprehension the yearning passion of music. You may have heard Haydn's oratorio of the *Creation*. You remember there the fine recitative, "And God said, Let there be light;" and then how the music begins first as in a rapid flow of soft and golden ripples, which roll on into wave after wave, billow after billow, tide on tide of resistless sound, as though heaved forward by the infinite world of waters behind it, till at last, in a crashing, overwhelming outburst, which concentrates into one crowning note all wonder and all exultation, come forth the words, "And there was Light!" This alone gives me a faint

conception of what must have been, to those sorrowing and half-crushed disciples, the gladness—and we may still catch an echo of that gladness in the page of the Evangelist—of that first Easter Day.

Such, then, is St. Matthew's Gospel—the Didactic Gospel: the Gospel of the past fulfilled; the Gospel of the Prophesied Messiah; the Gospel of the Beatitudes; the Parables and Miracles. In reading it, in looking on at this divinest of all tragedies, we, as it were,

> "Sit in a theatre to see
> A play of hopes and fears,
> While the orchestra breathes fitfully,
> The music of the spheres."

We see its five great Acts—the Infancy; the Prelude; the Ministry; the Doom; and then the Triumph. From the cradle to the Resurrection the action never pauses. Side by side in overwhelming scenes the Teaching advances in depth and clearness, the Power in mercy and miracle. Side by side there is an increasing vehemence of hatred, and an intensified adoration of love and trust. Louder and louder roll over the maddened Pharisees the terrible thunders of His rebuke; softer and more softly are breathed to His disciples the promises of His infinite consolation. In the early brightness of that Galilean spring of His ministry, He is an honoured Prophet; the Disciples follow, the people believe, the Pharisees respect Him. Then the year darkens into gathering and deepening opposition, but meanwhile the Disciples have advanced from love to adoration, until to the people He becomes an excommunicated Wanderer, but to His own the Son of God. Then the pillars of the kingdom of Heaven seem to be shattered to the lowest foundations, as its King descends, amid the derision of raging and triumphant enemies, through shame and anguish, to the Valley of Death. But lo! when all seems lost—when the sun and moon have shrunk into darkness from the dreadful sacrifice; when the kings and peoples of the earth seem to have burst His bands asunder and cast away His cords from them; when the Powers of Evil seem to have won their last and most awful victory, suddenly, as with a flash of lightning out of the blue sky, the Cross becomes the Throne, and the Sepulchre the portal of Immortality; and shattering the gates of brass, and smiting the bars of iron in sunder, He rises from Death to Life,

from Earth to Heaven, and sends forth His twelve poor chosen ones, armed with the implement of a malefactor's torture, and with "the irresistible might of weakness," to shake, to conquer, to evangelize, to enlighten, to rule the world.

A BROKEN LINK.*

DOWN on the margin of the beautiful river,
Thy feet are pressing now ;
And the bright glory from the upper temple
Is resting on thy brow.
The hand that mine so oft has folded
Now sweeps o'er a harp of gold ;
And thy worn feet, with all thy wanderings ended,
Rest in the Master's fold.

But I am now so lonely ! and when the morn
Breaketh in one glad wave,
How dim its light doth seem, because its shining
Falleth across thy grave !
And when the stars are dead along the brow of heaven,
And the gathering tempests moan,
My heart doth echo back their bitter wailing,
For I am now alone.

No more, my darling wife. The angel-bands have won thee ;
And far from earth's regret,
In the bright city with its many mansions,
Thou wilt not there forget—
No, not forget the heart that in its holiest holy
Enshrined thee all life's years ;
Not forget the eyes so wearily uplooking
Through mists of gathering tears.

Farewell. I would not seek to keep thee,
But let life's severed bands
Draw my oppressed and fainting spirit nearer
Its house not made with hands ;
And when beside my lonely hearthstone kneeling,
I hush my heart for prayer,
Nearer shall seem that bright, celestial city,
Because thou dwellest there.

[ADAPTED.] —*Bertie Lawrence.*

* These touching lines find their special application in the death of the late Mrs. William Gooderham, and express the poignant grief, but a grief sustained by Christian hope and trust, of her bereaved husband. During the ten long years of her suffering and affliction her life was a ministry of grace and benediction, a perpetual testimony of Christian faith and patience.

LORD CAIRNS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM GALBRAITH, D.C.L.

THE value of truly great men cannot be estimated. They bless the age in which they live, and all succeeding generations. They set in motion a tide of influences, running through time and eternity. Usually, their influence deepens and widens with the lapse of ages. Some are lightly esteemed during their lifetime, and begin to be appreciated only long years after their earthly mission has closed.

> "Seven rival towns contend for Homer dead,
> Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

But others are admired and loved during their life; and still more highly prized after their decease. Of this latter class is Lord Cairns.

James I. offered many inducements to the English and Scotch to become settlers in the Emerald Isle. Many Protestant families, allured by those offers, became colonists in the North of Ireland. Among these was William Cairns. The subject of this article, Hugh McCalmont Cairns, was a descendant of this old Scottish family. He was born at Cultra, in County Down, Dec. 27th, 1819. But few men can be found in any age possessing such a symmetrical and full-orbed manhood. His physical, mental and moral natures were all well developed. In youth he was a leader in all athletic exercises, and innocent and manly sports. He early laid the foundation of a strong, healthy body, in which his great powers of mind could freely act in later years, without apprehension of serious disaster. In childhood he had all the advantages of the schools of Belfast, the town residence of his parents. Naturally gifted with a good memory, and a keen and powerful intellect, free from pernicious habits, diligent and studious, it was reasonable to expect that he would rise to distinction. At the age of eight, he gave a lecture on chemistry in the Town Hall of Belfast. The youthfulness, modesty, self-possession and ability of the little boy won the surprised admiration of the whole audience. Before he was eleven years of age, he wrote much appreciated magazine articles. He was so dili-

gent and persevering in his studies that when only in his fifteenth year he was amply ready to enter Trinity College, Dublin, the University of which, in later years, he became the Chancellor. He studied Hebrew as an occupation for leisure hours; and completed his college course with honours in three years. Too young to enter any of the learned professions, the four following years were spent chiefly in reading, travelling, and physical development.

In his twenty-second year he repaired to London and began in good earnest studying for the Bar. During college life he had established the habit of early rising, and now rose regularly at four o'clock to pursue his legal studies. Within a month after attaining his twenty-fourth birthday he was called to the English Bar. He attended regularly at his chambers from ten till four o'clock daily, and allowed nothing to interfere with these hours, though for a long time he received no practice. One Saturday some friends endeavoured to persuade him to accompany them on a pleasure party, but could in no way induce him to break his resolution. That afternoon a gentleman representing a large and important firm in the city called on him to transact some business. His courtesy, promptness and ability astonished and gratified the gentleman, and thence forward secured for him all the work of the firm. Other houses quickly followed; his name became known, and his fortune was made. From 1852 he represented Belfast in the House of Commons, until his elevation to the Judicial Bench. In the spring of 1856 he was united in marriage to Miss Mary McNeile, of Parkmount, County of Antrim. The same year he was appointed one of Her Majesty's Counsel. In 1858 he accepted the appointment of Solicitor-General, under the administration of Lord Derby, and shortly afterward was knighted. His gifts as a debater, his persuasive eloquence, and his power of marshalling and dealing with facts, commanded recognition and admiration. Lord Salisbury, some years ago, spoke of Lord Cairns as a man of "colossal intellect," to which Lord Beaconsfield added the epithet "transcendent," and Lord Coleridge, a political opponent, spoke of the "infinite intellectual pleasure" his speeches gave him. Briefs poured in upon him from every side, and a successful career was fully assured.

In June, 1866, he received the position of Attorney-General.

The following October he was made Lord Chief Justice of Appeals; and early in 1867 was created a peer, under the title of Baron Cairns, of Garmoyle, in the County of Antrim. In 1868, under Mr. Disraeli's administration, he was elevated to the position of Lord Chancellor; and had the honour of being the youngest Lord Chancellor of the present century. At this period he distinguished himself by his brilliant and eloquent speeches in the House of Lords upon Mr. Disraeli's celebrated Reform Bill, and the disestablishment of the Church in Ireland. In politics he was a strong Conservative, and for several years was the powerful leader of that party. In religion he was a most devoted and loyal member of the English Church, but a man of generous Catholic spirit. All benevolent and religious objects had his hearty support. His moral nature was no less matured than his intellectual. Early in life he began to love and study his Bible; and his whole character was formed according to the principles of the Gospel. From childhood he delighted in going to church, and reverently listening to the preaching of the Word. At the age of twelve he became deeply interested in the clear, fervent and logical sermons of Rev. H. McNeile, and frequently went from the country residence to Belfast to hear him preach. Throughout life he made it a rule to spend an hour or two each morning in prayer and the study of the Holy Scriptures; and through the most numerous and pressing duties of a Cabinet Minister, he rose daily at six o'clock for this purpose. When Lady Cairns was once asked how it was that in all the intense excitement which pressed English statesmen at the time of a threatened war with Russia, Lord Cairns was always so tranquil that his very arrival was said to spread a calm over the Cabinet, she promptly replied that he always spent a half hour alone with God before entering a Cabinet meeting.

Like two other Lord Chancellors—Lord Selborne and Lord Hatherley—he was a Sunday-school teacher, and persistently refused to give up this branch of Christian work on account of increasing public duties. After giving careful attention to Mr. Moody's work in London, and satisfying himself that his success was the result of implicit reliance upon God, he most heartily co-operated with the Evangelist.

A Jewish gentleman, who entered one of Mr. Moody's meet-

ings from curiosity, and who was an ardent admirer of Lord Cairns' great powers, was astonished to see the Lord Chancellor on the platform, paying devout attention, and taking his Bible and hymn-book from his pocket. The Jew thought that what was so heartily approved by so great a man might also be worth his own attention, and in a few nights was among the "anxious enquirers."

Temporal prosperity, the pressure of numerous and imperative demands on his time, and the increasing weight of ever-enlarging responsibility, only drove Lord Cairns to closer communion with God. Even when the late hours of the House of Commons, and the early hours claimed by his duties at the Bar, left him not more than two hours for his night's rest, the early freshness of the morning was consecrated to the study of the Bible and to prayer. His house at Bournemouth, and his temporary residence in the Highlands, were made refuges for city missionaries, Bible women and all other Christian workers who needed recreation.

Family worship and Sunday services were held in the great hall of Dunira, the Highland abode, which held two hundred, and was frequently full. In the absence of a clergyman, Lord Cairns conducted the religious services himself. How the people felt with regard to them may be gathered from the words of a Highland woman:—

"Amang a' the bonnie teachin' we hae heard i' that ha', there's naethin' that gaes tae my hert like the prayers my Lord prays; he just speers for the very thing my hert needs."

During the week he found time to visit the neighbouring cottages, to read the Bible and to pray with the sick and suffering. He and his friend, Lord Shaftesbury, united their great strength in favour of all important questions of a moral character which came before the British House of Lords. One of the most masterly speeches he ever delivered was in March, 1885, against the opening of the British Museum on the Sabbath. Lord Shaftesbury was to move, and Lord Cairns to second, an amendment against the innovation. Owing to the illness of the former, which has recently terminated fatally, the latter had to take his place, and the amendment was carried. Both these great champions for the truth were soon to pass to that eternal rest foreshadowed by the Lord's Day.

Lord Cairns remained in London for the anniversary of the Church Missionary Society, in Exeter Hall, and presided at the meeting. Here he delivered his last public address. It was a most comprehensive and eloquent speech, the last words of which called on his hearers to be "fellow workers with our great Master, who wills that all men should be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth."

Within eight days, the voice which pleaded so tenderly, earnestly and powerfully for sympathy and support for the missionary and his work, was hushed in the slumbers of death.

On March 25th, he and Lady Cairns returned to their quiet home at Lindisfarne for a short season of retirement and rest. Soon after his return from London, whilst out riding, he was caught in a severe storm, which brought back some of the anxious symptoms of his recent illness. On the night of March 31st, alarming symptoms began to appear, and early the following morning all his beloved ones were called together for earth's last farewell. His eldest son alone was beyond the reach of that mournful summons.

On the 1st April, 1885, his spirit ascended from the ripe experience of a perfect Christian on earth to the rich and full inheritance of a glorified saint in Heaven, leaving behind as his last utterance on earth, "It is necessary for each one of us to follow in the steps of our great Master. Let nothing come between us and this."

Lord Cairns' deep and fervent devotion may be seen shining forth in one of the last letters of friendship he ever wrote, dated Feb. 10th, 1885, to a friend who had gone abroad for his health:—

"I am sure there are many persons who believe in Christ, who come to Him and accept the salvation He offers, but who stop there, and whose life flickers and almost goes out for want of their realizing the position into which they are called. It is when we abide in Christ every moment—as the branch in the vine—when we surrender all to Him and lie in His arms, and when we look on salvation not as a thing which we are to touch and then have done with, or occasionally recall to mind, but as a real living, constant union of us with Christ, in thought and will and object—it is thus indeed that we have peace and calm, assurance and life."

JAN VEDDER'S WIFE.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER I.—JAN'S WEDDING.

More than fifty years ago this thing happened: Jan Vedder was betrothed to Margaret Fae. It was at the beginning of the Shetland summer, that short interval of inexpressible beauty, when the amber sunshine lingers low in the violet skies from week to week; and the throstle and the lark sing at midnight, and the whole land has an air of enchantment, mystic, wonderful, and far off.

In the town of Lerwick all was still, though it was but nine o'clock; for the men were at the ling-fishing, and the narrow flagged street and small quays were quite deserted. Only at the public fountain there was a little crowd of women and girls, and they sat around its broad margin, with their water pitchers and their knitting, laughing and chatting in the dream-like light.

"Well, and so Margaret Fae marries at last; she, too, marries, like the rest of the world."

"Yes, and why not?"

"As every one knows, it is easier to begin that coil than to end it; and no one has ever thought that Margaret would marry Jan—he that is so often at the dance, and so seldom at the kirk."

"Yes, and it is said that he is not much of a man. Magnus Yool can wag him here; and Nicol Sinclair send him there, and if Suneva Torr but cast her nixie-eyes on him, he leaves all to walk by her side. It is little mind of his own he hath; besides that, he is hard to deal with, and obstinate."

"That is what we all think, Gisla; thou alone hast uttered it. But we will say no more of Jan, for oft ill comes of women's talk."

The speakers were middle-aged women who had husbands and sons in the fishing fleet, and they cast an anxious glance toward it, as they lifted their water pitchers to their heads, and walked slowly home together, knitting as they went. Lerwick

had then only one street of importance, but it was of considerable length, extending in the form of an amphitheatre along the shore, and having numberless little lanes or closes, intersected by stairs, running backward to an eminence above the town.

The utmost quiet reigned there. Shetland possessed no carts or carriages, and only the clattering of a shelty's gallop, or the song of a drunken sailor disturbed the echoes. The whole place had a singular, old-world look, and the names over the doors carried one back to Norseland and the Vikings. For in these houses their children dwelt, still as amphibious as their forefathers, spending most of their lives upon the sea, rarely sleeping under a roof, or warming themselves at a cottage fire; a rugged, pious, silent race, yet subject, as all Norsemen are, to fits of passionate and uncontrollable emotion.

Prominently among the Thorkels and Halcros, the Yools and Traills, stood out the name of Peter Fae. Peter had the largest store in Lerwick, he had the largest fish-curing shed, he was the largest boat owner. His house of white stone, outside the town, was two stories high, and handsomely furnished; and it was said that he would be able to leave his daughter Margaret £10,000; a very large fortune for a Shetland girl. Peter was a Norseman of pronounced type, and had the massive face and loose-limbed strength of his race, its faculty for money-getting, and its deep religious sentment. Perhaps it would be truer to say, its deep Protestant sentiment, for Norsemen have always been Protestants; they hated the Romish Church as soon as they heard of it.

Peter's wife, Thora, was also of pure Norse lineage, and in many an unrecognized way her ancestors influenced her daily life. She had borne four sons, but, in the expressive form of Shetland speech, "the sea had got them;" and her daughter Margaret was the sole inheritor of their gathered gold. Thora was a proud, silent woman, whose strongest affections were with her children in their lonely sea graves.

Thora had one comfort. Her daughter was of a spirit akin to her own. Peter had sent her to Edinburgh, hoping that she would bring back to his northern home some of those lowland refinements of which he had a shadowy, and perhaps exaggerated idea. But Margaret Fae's character was not of that semi-fluid nature which can easily run into new moulds. She had

looked with distrust and dislike upon a life which seemed to her artificial and extravagant, and had come back to Shetland with every Norse element in her character strengthened and confirmed.

What then made her betroth herself to Jan Vedder? A weak, wasteful man, who had little but his good-natured, pleasant ways and his great beauty to recommend him. And yet the wise and careful Margaret Fae loved him; loved him spontaneously, as the brook loves to run, and the bird loves to sing.

"But bear in mind, husband," said Thora, on the night of the betrothal, "that this thing is of thy own doing. Thou hired Jan Vedder, when thou couldst well have hired a better man. Thou brought him to thy house. Well, then, was there any wonder that ill-luck should follow the foolish deed?"

"Wife, the lad is a pleasant lad. If he had money to even Margaret's tocher, and if he were more punctual at the ordinances, there would be no fault to him."

"So I think, too. But when a man has not religion, and has beside empty pockets, then he is poor for both worlds. It seems that our Margaret must marry with a poor man. And let me tell thee, it was a little thing moved thee, for because Jan had a handsome face, and a bright smile, thou liked him."

"Many a sore heart folks get who set liking before judgment. But if there is good in the lad, then to get married will bring it out."

"That is as it may be. Often I have seen it bring out ill. Can any one tell if a man be good or ill, unless they dwell under the same roof with him? Abroad, who is so pleasant as Ragon Torr? But at home, everybody there has to look to his wishes."

At this point in the conversation, Margaret entered. She was a tall, straight girl, with a finely-featured, tranquil face, admirably framed in heavy coils of hair that were yellow as dawn. Her complexion was exquisite, and her eyes blue, and cool, and calm. She was still and passionless in manner, but far from being cold at heart; nevertheless, her soul, with the purity of crystal, had something also of its sharp angles; something which might perhaps become hard and cutting. She carried herself loftily, and walked with an air of decision. Peter looked at her steadily and said:

"Now, thou hast done ill, Margaret. When a young girl marries, she must face life for herself; and many are the shoulders that ask for burdens they cannot bear."

"Yes, indeed! And it is all little to my mind," added the mother. "I had spoken to thee for thy cousin Magnus Hay; and then here comes this Jan Vedder!"

"Yes, he comes!" and Margaret stood listening, the pink colour on her cheeks spreading to the tips of her ears, and down her white throat. "Yes, he comes!" and with the words, Jan stood in the open door. A bright, handsome fellow he was! There was no one in all the Islands that was half so beautiful.

"Peter," he cried joyfully, "here has happened great news! The *Sure-Giver* is in the harbour with all her cargo safe. She came in with the tide. All her planks and nails are lucky."

"That is great news, surely, Jan. But it is ill luck to talk of good luck. Supper is ready; sit down with us."

But Thora spoke no word, and Jan looked at Margaret with the question in his eyes.

"It means this and no more, Jan. I have told my father and mother that thou would make me thy wife."

"That is what I desire, most of all things."

"Then there is little need of long talk. I betroth myself to thee for life or death, Jan Vedder; and my father and mother they are the witnesses;" and as she spoke, she went to Jan and put her hands in his, and Jan drew her proudly to his breast and kissed her.

Thora left the room without a glance at the lovers. Peter stood up, and said angrily: "Enough, and more than enough has been said this night. No, Jan; I will not put my palm against thine till we have spoken together. There is more to a marriage than a girl's 'Yes,' and a wedding ring."

That was the manner of Jan's betrothal; and as he walked rapidly back into the town, there came a feeling into his heart of not being quite pleased with it. In spite of Margaret's affection and straightforward decision, he felt humiliated.

"It is what a man gets who woos a rich wife," he muttered; "but I will go and tell Michael Snorro about it." And he smiled at the prospect, and hurried onward to Peter's store.

For Michael Snorro lived there. The opening to the street was closed; but the one facing the sea was wide open; and just

within it, among the bags of feathers and swans' down, the piles of seal skins, the barrels of whale oil, and of sea-birds' eggs, and the casks of smoked geese, Michael was sitting. The sea washed the warehouse walls, and gurgled under the little pier that extended from the door, but it was the only sound there was. Michael, with his head in his hands, sat gazing into the offing where many ships lay at anchor. At the sound of Jan's voice his soul sprang into his face for a moment, and he rose, trembling with pleasure to meet him.

In all his desolate life no one had loved Michael Snorro. A suspicion that "he was not all there," and therefore "one of God's bairns," had insured him, during his long orphanage, the food, and clothes, and shelter, necessary for life; but no one had given him love. And Michael humbly acknowledged that he could not expect it, for nature had been cruelly unkind to him. He was, indeed, of almost gigantic size, but awkward and ill-proportioned. His face, large and flat, had the whiteness of clay, except at those rare intervals when his soul shone through it; and no mortal, but Jan Vedder, had ever seen that illumination.

"Michael, I am going to be married."

"Who is it, Jan?"

"Margaret Fae."

"I thought that. Well, thou art sunshine, and she is like a pool of clear water. If the sun shines not, then the water will freeze, and grow cold and hard."

"Thou dost not like women, Michael."

"Nay, but I trust them not. Where the devil cannot go, he sends a woman. Well, then, he will find no such messenger for me. He must come himself. That is well; the fight will be easier."

"When I am married I shall sail my own boat, and thou shalt be always with me, Michael. We will feel the fresh wind blowing in the canvas, and the salt spindrift in our faces, and the boat going as if she were a solan flying for the rock."

"Is that thy thought, then? Let me tell thee, that thou art counting thy fish while they are swimming. Until Peter Fae's hands are full of earth, he will not part with one gold piece. Make up thy mind to that."

"Margaret will have her tocher."

"That will be seen; but if thou wants money, Jan, there it is in my chest, and what greater joy can I have than to see it in thy hand—all of it? It would be thy grace to me."

Then Jan rose up and laid his arm across Michael's shoulder; and Michael's lifted face caught the glow of Jan's bending one, and the men's souls spoke to each other, though their lips never parted.

The next day proved Michael right. Peter did not name Margaret's tocher. He said he would give Margaret a house with all needful plenishing; and he promised also to pay all the wedding expenses. But there was no word of any sum of ready money; and Jan was too proud in his poverty to ask for his right. He did, indeed, suggest that when he was a householder he should have more wages. But Peter would not see the justice of any such addition. "I give thee all thou art worth, and I will not give thee a Scotch merk more," he answered roughly. "When it comes to the question of wage, Jan, the son and the stranger are the same to me." And when Jan told his friend what had been promised, Michael said only: "Well, then, thou wilt have the woman also."

The twelfth of August is "the fisherman's foy" in Shetland, and the great feast of the Islands. It was agreed, therefore, that the marriage should take place at that time. For there would be at least two hundred fishing vessels in Brassey Sound at that time, and with most of the fishermen Peter either had had business, or might have in the future.

"For three days we will keep the feast for all who choose to come," he said; and so, when the procession formed for the church, nearly six hundred men and women were waiting to follow Jan and his bride. Then Jan led her to the front of it, and there was a murmur of wonder and delight. Her dress was the richest white satin, and her heavy golden ornaments—the heirlooms of centuries—gave a kind of barbaric splendour to it. The bright sunlight fell all over her, and added to the effect; and Jan, with a bridegroom's pardonable pride, thought she looked more than mortal.

Going to the church, the procession preserved the gravity of a religious rite; but on the return, some one touched lightly the strings of a violin, and, in a moment, hundreds of voices were chanting:

"It is often that I have said it: In the night thou art my dream, and my waking thought in the morning.

"I loved thee always; not for three months, not for a year, but I loved thee from the first, and my love shall not wither, until death part us.

"Oh, my beloved! My wife! Dearer to me than the light of the day! Closer to me than my hands and feet! Nothing but death shall part thee and me, forever!"

The singing opened their hearts; then came the feast, which is the kind of riot in which grave races give vent to the suppressed excitement of their lives. It did not please Margaret; she was soon weary of the noise and commotion, and heartily glad when, on the eve of the third day, she was called upon to give the parting toast:

"Here's to the men who cast the net and the long line," she cried, lifting the silver cup above her head. "And may He hold His hand about them all, and open the mouth of the gray fish!"

"And here's to the bride," answered the oldest fisher present, "and may God give her a blessing in both hands!"

Then they separated, and some went to their homes in Lerwick and Scalloway, and others sailed to Ireland and Scotland, and even Holland; but Peter knew that however much the feast cost him, it was money put out at good interest, and that he would be very likely to find it again at the next fishing season.

CHAPTER II.—A LITTLE CLOUD IN THE SKY.

As it happened that year the peerie, or Indian summer, was of unusual length and beauty. The fine weather lingered until the end of October. These weeks were full of joy to Margaret and to Jan, and in them Jan showed himself in many a charming light. He played well upon the violin, and as long as love was his theme Margaret understood him. He recited to her stirring stories from the Sagas, and she thought only how handsome he looked with his flashing eyes and flushing face. She never reflected that the soul which could put life into these old tales was very

likely to be a soul akin to the restless adventurous men of which they told. Her home and her love were sufficient for her happiness, and she expected that Jan would measure his desires by the same rule.

But in a few weeks Jan began to weary a little of a life all love-making. Many things, laid aside for a time, renewed their influence over him. Margaret was not capable of renunciation, and Jan got to be continually afraid of wounding her sensibilities by forgetting some outward token of affection. He tried to talk to her of his projects, of his desire to go to sea again, of his weariness of the store. She could understand none of these things. Why should he want to leave her? Had he ceased to love her? Her father was happy in the store. It offended her to hear a word against it. Yet she thought she loved Jan perfectly, and would have deeply resented Michael Snorro's private verdict against her—that she was a selfish woman.

One morning, as the first snow was beginning to fall, a big Dutch skipper in his loose tunic and high cap, and wooden clogs, came stalking into Peter's store, and said, "Well, here at last comes *The North Star*. Many of us thought she would come no more."

Jan was packing eggs, but he signed to Michael to take his place, and in a few minutes he was among the crowd watching her arrival. She came hurrying in, with all her sails set, as if she were fleeing from the northern winter behind her. Her stout sides were torn by berg and floe, her decks covered with seal skins and jawbones of whales, and amidships there was a young polar bear growling in a huge cask. Her crew, weather-beaten and covered with snow and frost, had the strange look of men from lands unknown and far off. Jan had once sailed in her, and her first mate was his friend. It was like meeting one from the dead. Proudly and gladly he took him to his home. He wanted him to see his beautiful wife. He was sure Margaret would be delighted to welcome a man so brave and so dear to him.

On the contrary, it was a deep offence to her. Christian Groat, in his sheepskin suit, oily and storm-stained, unkempt and unshorn, seemed strangely out of place in her spotless room. That he had fought with the elements, and with the monsters of the deep, made him no hero in her eyes. She was

not thrilled by his adventures upon the drifting floes, and among ice mountains reeling together in perilous madness. The story made Jan's blood boil, and brought the glistening tears into his big blue eyes; but Margaret's pulses beat no whit quicker. Christian Groat was only a vulgar whaler to her, and that Jan should bring him to her hearth and table made her angry.

Jan was hurt and humiliated. The visit from which he had hoped so much, was a pain and a failure. He walked back into the town with his friend, and was scarcely able to speak. Margaret also was silent and grieved. She thought Jan had wronged her. She had to make a clean cushion for the chair in which the man had sat. She persisted for days in smelling whale oil above the reek of the peat, above even the salt keenness of winter air. Her father had never done such a thing; she could not understand Jan's thoughtlessness about her.

For two days she was silent, and Jan bore it very well, for he too was hurt and angry. On the third he spoke to his wife, and little by little the coolness wore away. But an active quarrel and some hard words had perhaps been better, for then there might have followed some gracious tears, and a loving reconciliation. As it was, the evenings wore silently and gloomily away. Margaret sat, mechanically knitting, her beautiful face wearing an expression of injury and resignation that was intolerably annoying to a man of Jan's temper. But though she said nothing to her husband during these unhappy hours, the devil talked very plainly in her place.

"Why," he asked Jan, "do you stay beside a sulky woman, when there are all your old companions at Ragon Torr's? There, also, is the song and the tale, and the glass of good fellowship. And who would be so heartily welcome as Jan Vedder?"

Jan knew all this well. But as he did not care to make his wife unhappy, he determined to deceive her. It was snowing, and likely to snow; Margaret would not come down to the store in such weather. So he said to her, "Michael Snorro hath a fever. He cannot work. That is a bad business, for it is only I that can fill his place. The work will keep me late, wait not for me." To himself he said: "To leave her alone a few nights, that will be a good thing; when I can stay at my own hearth, she may have something to say to me."

Margaret's nature was absolutely truthful. She never doubted Jan's words. She was angry with Snorro for being sick and thus interfering in her domestic life, but she fully believed her husband's statement.

Jan spent two evenings at Ragon Torr's, but on the third morning his conscience smote him a little. He looked at Margaret, and wished she would ask, "Wilt thou come home early to-night?" He would gladly have answered her, "I will come at whatever hour thou desirest."

When he said at last, "Good-bye to thee, Margaret," she looked up from the basket of eggs she was counting half reproachfully at him. Jan knew well that the price of her endless knitting, her gathered eggs, wool, and swans' down, all went to her private account in Lerwick Bank. That was a thing Margaret kept absolutely to herself and the little brown book which was in her locked drawer. There had been times when Jan could have opened it had he desired; but he had been too hurt and too proud to do so. If his wife could not voluntarily trust him, he would not solicit her confidence.

All that day Jan was sulky and obstinate, and Peter came near quarrelling with him more than once. But Peter thought he knew what was the matter, and he smiled grimly to himself as he remembered Margaret's power of resistance.

During the first hours of the day Jan was uncertain what to do. A trifle would have turned him either way, and in the afternoon the trifle came. A boat arrived from Kirkwall, and two of her crew were far-off cousins. The men were in almost as bad condition as Christian Groat. He would not risk soiling Margaret's chair-cushions again, so he invited them to meet him at Ragon Torr's. As it happened Margaret had an unhappy day; and many little things went wrong with her. She longed for sympathy, and began to wish that Jan would come home; she was half inclined to go to the store, and ask him if he could not.

She opened the door and looked out. It was still snowing a little. It was not at all an unpleasant night, and, with her cloak and hood of blue flannel, a walk to the store would be easy and invigorating.

As she stood undecided and unhappy, she saw a man approaching the house. She could not fail to recognize the large, shambling figure. It was Michael Snorro. A blow from his mighty hand could hardly have stunned her more. She shut

the door, and sat down sick at heart. For it was evident that Snorro was not ill, and that Jan had deceived her. Snorro, too, seemed to hesitate and waver in his intentions. He walked past the house several times, and then he went to the kitchen door.

In a few minutes Elga Skade, Margaret's servant, said to her, "Here has come Michael Snorro, and he would speak with thy husband." Margaret rose and went to him. He stood before the glowing peats, on the kitchen hearth, seeming, in the dim light, to tower to the very roof. Margaret looked up with a feeling akin to terror at the large white face in the gloom above her, and asked faintly, "What is't thou wants, Snorro?"

"I would speak with Jan."

"He is not come yet to his home. At what hour did he leave the store?"

At once Snorro's suspicions were aroused. He stood silent a minute, then he said, "He may have gone round by thy father's. I will wait."

The man frightened her. She divined that he distrusted and disapproved of her; and she could ask nothing more. She left him with Elga, but in half an hour she became too restless to bear the suspense, and returned to the kitchen. Snorro gave her no opportunity to question him. He said at once, "It is few houses in Shetland a man can enter, and no one say to him, 'Wilt thou eat or drink?'"

"I forgot, Snorro. I am troubled about Jan. What wilt thou have?"

"What thou hast ready, and Elga will get it for me."

A few minutes later he sat down to eat with a calm deliberation which Margaret could not endure. She put on her cloak and hood, and calling Elga, said, "If he asks for me, say that I spoke of my father's house."

Then she slipped out of the front door, and went with fleet steps into the town. The street which was so narrow that it was possible to shake hands across it, was dark and empty. The shops were all shut, and the living rooms looked mostly into the closes, or out to the sea. Only here and there a lighted square of glass made her shrink into the shadow of the gables. But she made her way without hindrance to a house near the main quay. It was well lighted, and there was the sound and stir of music and singing, of noisy conversation and laughter within it.

Indeed, it was Ragon Torr's inn. The front windows were uncurtained, and she saw, as she hurriedly passed them, that the main room was full of company; but she did not pause until within the close at the side of the house, when, standing in the shadow of the outbuilt chimney, she peered cautiously through the few small squares on that side. It was as she suspected. Jan sat in the very centre of the company, his handsome face all aglow with smiles, his hands busily tuning the violin he held. Torr and half a dozen sailors bent toward him with admiring looks, and Ragon's wife Barbara, going to and fro in her household duties, stopped to say something to him, at which everybody laughed, but Jan's face darkened.

Margaret did not hear her name, but she felt sure the remark had been about herself, and her heart burned with anger. She was turning away, when there was a cry of pleasure, and Suneva Torr entered. Margaret had always disliked Suneva; she felt now that she hated and feared her. Her luring eyes were dancing with pleasure, her yellow hair fell in long, loose waves around her, and she went to Jan's side, put her hand on his shoulder, and said something to him.

Jan looked back, and up to her, and nodded brightly to her request. Then out sprang the tingling notes from the strings, and clear, and shrill, and musical, Suneva's voice picked them up with a charming distinctness.

At last Margaret could bear it no longer, and, white and stern, she turned away from the window. Then she saw Michael Snorro standing beside her. Even in the darkness she knew that his eyes were scintillating with anger. He took her by the arm and led her to the end of the close. Then he said:

"Much of a woman art thou! If I was Jan Vedder, never again would I see thy face! No, never!"

"Jan lied to me! To me, his wife! Did thou think he was at my father's? He is in Ragon Torr's."

"Thou lied to me also; and if Jan is in Ragon Torr's, let me tell thee, that thou sent him there."

"I lied not to thee. I lie to no one."

"Yea, but thou told Elga to lie for thee. A jealous wife knows not what she does. Did thou go to thy father's house?"

"Speak thou no more to me, Michael Snorro." Then she sped up the street, holding her breast tightly with both hands, as if to hold back the sobs that were choking her, until she reached her

own room, and locked fast her door. She sobbed for hours with all the passionate abandon which is the readiest relief of great sorrows that come in youth.

When she had quite exhausted herself, she began to long for some comforter, some one to whom she could tell her trouble. But Margaret had few acquaintances; none, among the few, of whom she could make a confidant. From her father and mother, above all others, she would keep this humiliation. God she had never thought of as a friend. He was her Creator, her Redeemer, also, if it were His good pleasure to save her from eternal death. He was the Governor of the Universe; but she knew Him not as a Father pitying His children, as a God tender to a broken heart. Was it possible that a woman's sharp cry of wounded love could touch the Eternal? She never dreamed of such a thing. At length weary with weeping and with her own restlessness, she sat down before the red peats upon the hearth, for once, in her sorrowful preoccupation, forgetting her knitting.

In the meantime, Snorro had entered Torr's, and asked for Jan. He would take no excuse, and no promises, and his white, stern face, and silent way of sitting apart, with his head in his hands, was soon felt to be a very uncomfortable influence. Jan rose moodily, and went away with him; too cross, until they reached the store, to ask, "Why did thou come and spoil my pleasure, Snorro?"

"Neil Bork sails for Vool at the midnight tide. Thou told me thou must send a letter by him to thy cousin Magnus."

"That is so. Since Peter will do nothing, I must seek help of Magnus. Well, then, I will write the letter."

When it was finished, Jan said, "Snorro, who told thee I was at Torr's?"

"Thou wert not at home. I went there, first."

"Then thou hast made trouble for me, be sure of that. My wife thought that thou wast ill."

"It is a bad wife a man must lie to. But, oh, Jan! Jan! To think that for any woman thou would tell the lie!"

Then Jan, being in that garrulous mood which often precedes intoxication, would have opened his whole heart to Michael about his domestic troubles; but Michael would not listen to him. "Shut thy mouth tight on that subject," he said angrily. "I will hear neither good nor bad of Margaret Vedder. Now,

then, I will walk home with thee, and then I will see Neil Bork, and give him thy letter."

Margaret heard their steps at the gate. Her face grew white and cold as ice, and her heart hardened at the sound of Snorro's voice. She had always despised him; now for his interference with her, she hated him. She could not tolerate Jan's attachment to a creature so rude and simple. It was almost an insult to herself; and yet so truthfully did she judge his heart that she was quite certain Michael Snorro would never tell Jan that she had watched him through Ragon Torr's window. She blushed a moment at the memory of so mean an action, but instantly and angrily defended it to her own heart.

Jan came in, with the foolish, good-natured smile of alcoholic excitement. But when he saw Margaret's white, hard face, he instantly became sulky and silent. "Where hast thou been, Jan?" she asked. "It is near the midnight."

"I have been about my own business. I had some words to send by Neil Bork to my cousin Magnus. Neil sails by the midnight tide."

She laughed scornfully. "Thy cousin Magnus! Pray, what shall he do for thee? This is some new cousin, surely!"

"Well, then, since thy father keeps thy tocher from me, I must borrow of my own kin."

"As for that, my father hath been better to thee than thou deservest. Why didst thou lie to me concerning Snorro? He has had no fever. No, indeed!"

"A man must ask his wife whether he can speak truth to her or not. Thou cannot bear it. Very well, then, I must lie to thee."

"Yet, be sure, I will tell the truth to thee, Jan Vedder. Thou hast been at Ragon Torr's, singing with a light woman, and drinking with ——"

"With my own kin. I advise thee to say nothing against them. As for Suneva, there is no tongue in Lerwick but thine will speak evil of her—she is a good girl, and she hath a kind heart. And now, then, who told thee I was at Torr's?"

He asked the question repeatedly, and instead of answering it, Margaret began to justify herself. "Have I not been to thee a good wife? Has not thy house been kept well, and thy meals ever good and ready for thee? Has anything, great or little, gone to waste?"

"Thou hast been too good. It had been better if thou had been less perfect; then I could have spoken to thee of my great wish, and thou would have said, as others say, 'Jan, it would be a joy to see thee at the mainmast, or casting the ling-lines, or running into harbour before the storm, with every sail set, as though thou had stolen ship and lading.' Speak no more. I am heavy with sleep."

And he could sleep! That was such an aggravation of his offence. She turned sometimes and looked at his handsome flushed face, but otherwise she sat hour after hour silent and almost motionless, her hands clasped upon her knee, her heart anticipative of wrong, and with a perverse industry, considering sorrows that had not as yet even called to her. Alas! alas! the unhappy can never persuade themselves that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

YEAR UNTO YEAR.

As year unto year is added,
God's promises seem more fair,
The glory of life eternal,
The rest that remaineth there;
The peace like a broad, deep river
That never will cease to flow;
The perfect, divine completeness
That the finite never know.

As year unto year is added,
God's purposes seem more plain,
We follow a thread of fancy,
Then catch and lose it again;
But we see far on in the future
A rounded, perfected bliss;
And what are the wayside shadows,
If the way but leads to this?

As year unto year is added,
And the twilight of life shall fall,
May we grow to be more like Jesus,
More tender and true to all,
More patient in trial, more loving,
More eager His truth to know,
In the daily paths of His choosing
More willing in faith to go.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

ANOTHER YEAR.

BY F. R. HAVERGAL.

ANOTHER year is dawning:
Dear Master, let it be,
In working, or in waiting,
Another year with Thee.

Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest;

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness,
In the shining of Thy face;

Another year of progress,
Another year of praise;
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days;"

Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.

Another year is dawning:
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee.

REFLECTIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR.—BY JOSEPH COOK.

HERE is a house filled with historical presences, and I could easily imagine myself in high company were I alone in this temple and completely shut away from man, as in the closet of devotion. Let me imagine myself alone with the fathers that were gathered to their fathers as you and I are sure to be gathered to ours. It is no guess, it is an arithmetical certainty, that we, too, are sojourners, and that on earth there is no abiding. I am alone, and shall not here be disturbed by the sneers of any superficial culture. I know that very few men begin to labour for themselves until they are twenty-five years of age. There are very few who continue such labours after the seventieth year. Now, between the twenty-fifth and the seventieth year of my life I shall have forty-five years. Suppose I throw away in each year fifty-two days for Sundays, thirteen for vacation, illness, and other interruptions, I have three hundred days left in each of the forty-five years—that is, thirteen thousand five hundred days, before I, in all human probability, shall be gathered to the fathers. If I have strength to labour ten hours of each day, I have in the whole mature

part of my life, only one hundred and thirty-five thousand working hours.

Onward storms my strong-limbed race,
Pause for me is nigh ;
Long on earth will men have place,
Not much longer I ;
Thousand summers kiss the lea,
Only one the sheaf ;
Thousand springs may deck the tree,
Only one the leaf ;
One—but one, and that one brief.

A Happy New Year.

Never dawned upon humanity a more hopeful year than this "year of our Lord," eighteen hundred and eighty-six. "How can that be ?" do you say. "Look at the rampant hosts of evil on every side. See the decoys that entice youthful feet into the paths of ruin. See the coldness of the multitudes toward the deeper truths of the Gospel. Hear the questionings of unbelief and the defiant utterances of infidelity. No, no ; this is a dark day, and I dread the rising of its ill-fated star."

Christian, can it be you who is speaking thus ? Where is your faith ? What is the meaning of the words we write, "*Anno Domini*—the year of our Lord ?" Have you lost, in the din of the conflict, the sound of His bugle-note, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world ?"

He is already the victor, though these His enemies, so valiant in wickedness, do not yet realize it. His "called, and chosen, and faithful" ones, though they seem few, are on the conquering side, and it behooves them to step with steady tread into this new year with shouts of victory.

It is dark, if we look at the things that are seen. But why should we ? They are temporal, and they are destined to pass away. But the unseen forces of truth are eternal, and their mastery in the universe will soon become apparent. Indeed, it seems scarcely necessary to have faith in order to see the swift-coming triumph of good over evil. It can be discovered with the natural vision if we are not hopelessly blind. The idolatries of ages are losing their hold upon the nations of the East, and advancing light is preparing the way of the Lord. Where fifteen years ago very few heard His name, now tens of

thousands rejoice to call Him Saviour and King. Sin rages, and deeds of wrong multiply, but public sentiment is on the side of virtue and justice. Worldliness increases in the professing Church, but side by side with it grows a deeper knowledge of God in loyal hearts, and broader charity constrains men in His service.

Did He not say that in the latter days iniquity should abound, and the love of many wax cold? Why, then, should we be discouraged, since He understands, and has it all in His hand? A traveller once, standing in the shadow of a forest on the border of a lake, saw upon the opposite bank what seemed to be a deep blue mist rising far up the hill-side. He thought, How unwholesome must this ravine be with such an atmosphere constantly within it. He found his way over rocks and slippery places to the other side, and lo! as he drew near, no mist was there, and he discovered that what looked like deadly vapour was really a bed of sweet blue flowers stretching up the bank, far as his eye could reach. So it will be with us. We see now the events of this distorted world "through a glass, darkly." We seem surrounded by a deadly atmosphere, but as we come nearer in God's good time to the end, His providences in the earth, and in our own lives also, will blossom out in fragrant flowers of peace and righteousness.

A Happy New Year, then, dear fellow Christian! no matter how it seems, either in the world without or in thy secret heart within. For in both realms "He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet."

So heart of mine, take thou good cheer,
Sing out thy song of triumph clear,
With Christ thy King already here
Millennium comes each glad New Year!

Real holiness has the Bible for its warrant, faith for its condition, love for its essence, humility for its clothing, the good of others for its employment, Christ's image for its aspirations, the Spirit's guidance as its realization, and heaven as its ultimate object and aim.—*J. H. Potts, D.D.*

Current Topics and Events.

Our Progress.

In this first number of the 23rd volume of the METHODIST MAGAZINE, it seems not inappropriate to take stock of its progress and prospects. It is with devout thankfulness to God, who has given it such favour in the eyes of the people of Canada, and vouchsafed to it such a large measure of success, that we look back upon its record for the last eleven years. It was thought by many to be bold, to the very verge of rashness, to launch a denominational Magazine upon a sea in which so many previous ventures had gone down. It was thought that the Canadian public offered too small a constituency for the support of even a "broad gauge" Magazine appealing to the general public of all the Churches and of no Church. And the disastrous failure of previous venture after venture seemed to justify this fear.

But the First General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada had faith in the project, and in the ability and willingness of the Church to sustain it. And so the new Magazine was launched, with a very small list of subscribers, with no organized staff of contributors, with no guarantee fund for its maintenance, with literally no experience of its Editor in that line of work, and in a Church already supplied with high-class, well-equipped, and ably edited denominational periodicals. But it was launched with faith in God, and in the loyalty and hearty co-operation of the Methodist ministers and people. And that faith has not been disappointed. Without that co-operation it could not have lived during the struggles of its early years, nor have reached its present prosperous condition. Upon the hearty good-will and help of the Methodist ministry it has been chiefly dependent for the success it has attained. And this success, we think, is the more creditable to our Church from the fact that the great Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, surpassing our own manyfold in members, in wealth, in literary facilities and resources, has several times endeavoured to establish a Monthly Magazine, and after the expenditure of large sums of money, and of the energies of some of its ablest men, has failed. It is ground for thankfulness that, with so much narrower a field and so much smaller resources, the CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE is to-day more successful than ever, and is now the sole surviving Methodist Magazine on this continent, and the only religious and literary monthly in this Dominion.

It is also cause for satisfaction that it has won such kindly commendation from the press of this and of other countries, and from leading members of other denominations.

During the eleven years of its history this MAGAZINE has distributed through the homes of Canada and Newfoundland over sixty thousand (60,000) volumes of distinctively religious literature. It has brought to those homes the best thoughts of the best thinkers and writers of Canadian Methodism, and a perfect picture gallery of fine-art illustration. The effect of this ministry of Christian literature and art on the heart and mind and taste of its readers has, we believe, been very salutary and very great.

Not the least of the benefits it has conferred, we think, has been the development of the writing talent of many of the younger ministers and members of the Church. Hitherto in Canada, Methodist ministers have been too busy in making history, in laying the foundations of a Christian civilization, to give much time to writing for the public. But they now may largely influence their age through the press as well as from the pulpit and the platform. This MAGAZINE, in addition to the other connexional organs, has furnished the opportunity for this expression, in a style of typographical and mechanical excellence not surpassed on the continent. The

scores of able contributors to its pages show that they have not been slow to add their valuable quota to our national literature. Not only have writers of such extended reputation as the late Dr. Ryerson, Chancellor Nelles, Dr. Williams, Dr. Carman, Dr. Lathern, Prof. Goldwin Smith, Sir William Dawson, Dr. McCosh, Dr. Daniel Wilson, Principal Grant, and others, favoured it with their contributions, but a large number of young writers among us have made it the platform of their public *dêbut*, and have afterwards won fame in wider fields. It has been a connecting link between all parts of the Connexion from the remote east to the far west; and from Newfoundland and British Columbia, and from every Conference and almost every District between, has received valuable articles. Many of those articles have been quoted or reprinted entire in Great Britain and the United States, and several of its serial stories have been republished in one or other, or both countries, in book form.*

An important factor in the success of the MAGAZINE has been the hearty co-operation with the Editor of successive Book Stewards, and their business energy and enterprise. The contrast between the severely simple and unadorned appearance of the first number, and the high-class printing and illustration of the present number—not equalled by anything else in the country—is an evidence of that enterprise, and an augury of still greater improvement in the future.

Yet no one is more conscious than the Editor of the failure of this MAGAZINE to meet his own ideal, and to realize the possibilities which he trusts are yet to be attained. He is a particularly wise man who has never made a mistake. Possibly he is a wiser one who learns from the mistakes he makes. At the outset it was designed, in deference to the judgment of the Book Committee, to make the Magazine more Review-like than it is, using a more solid style of theological and critical articles. But under that plan the subscriptions fell off over 800 in a single year, and it was found necessary to make it more popular in character. Hence the prominence given to illustrated sketches of travel, and articles of biographical and narrative interest. It has, in order to secure a paying circulation, to be a family Magazine, of broad and general character. In each number, however, at least one weighty article will be found to meet the most critical tastes.

It is difficult, it is perhaps impossible, to hit exactly the golden mean, or to conduct a Magazine that must depend for its existence upon popular patronage without giving offence to esteemed contributors by rejecting articles which seemed to their writers eminently suitable to these pages. When such articles have been respectfully declined, it has never been because their views did not coincide with those of the Editor, but on broader and more important grounds. Indeed, if we have erred, it has been by being unwilling to suppress articles from whose conclusions we personally dissent, on account of the weight of character and moral influence of their writers. But we have never, on the other hand, for a moment hesitated to publish a criticism or refutation of any views expressed in this MAGAZINE.

OUR PROSPECTS.

The record of this MAGAZINE for the past augurs a still more prosperous career in the future. Whoever shall see its 46th volume shall, doubtless, see as marked progress as is apparent in its 23rd. It has overcome its initial difficulties. It has a much wider sphere of operation. It has now the membership of what were six different branches of Methodism, as a supporting constituency. It will, doubtless, act as a unifying influence among these different

* The Editor wishes to remove an impression that he derives any advantages personally from the republication of these books, either directly or indirectly. He waives all claims to such advantage and derives none.

bodies, now happily brought into a united whole. A glance at our Announcement for 1886 will show how each of these sections contributes its quota of articles for the year. We anticipate from the kind co-operation of the brethren in the new constituency of members to which we can now appeal, a largely increased circulation. This is all that is wanting to warrant a much greater improvement in the MAGAZINE than any yet attained. To give a still greater number and variety of articles, its capacity should be increased about one half. And that we hope will shortly be done. We commend this 23rd volume to the patronage of an indulgent public in the confidence that its career of progress shall be as the past and yet more abundant.

SUNDAY SCHOOL PERIODICALS.

It must be remembered that the conducting of this MAGAZINE is only a part of the work assigned to its Editor. He has the sole charge of *nine* other distinct periodicals, which employ a large proportion of his time and strength. The aggregate issues which pass under his own hand amount to over 30,000,000 pages per year—over 100,000 pages every day—over 10,000 pages every working hour. For these he arranges the most minute details, procuring, as economically as possible, the 500 cuts, and more, required every year, for most of which he writes the descriptive accounts.

The development of the Sunday School Department of our publishing interests is even more gratifying than the progress of the MAGAZINE. The aggregate circulation of the Sunday School periodicals is over 220,000, which outnumbers the scholars in our schools. That circulation, eleven years ago, so far as we can now ascertain, was only about one-sixth of that number. The income from this department of our publishing is now greater than that derived from any, and it seems capable of almost indefinite expansion; although from the very cheap rate at which the S. S. papers are published, its profits are not great in proportion.

The improvement in character of these periodicals is no less marked than the increase in circulation. After carefully comparing them with American publications claiming to be the "cheapest and best," the Rev. T. W. Jackson, one of our ministers, declares them to be much the superior and cheaper—"Cheaper than the cheapest, and better than the best." This gratifying result is chiefly due to the loyalty of our schools in patronizing our own connexional literature instead of the ostensibly "cheap" foreign periodicals. The exceptions to this home patronage are becoming fewer every year.

Another evidence of the connexional loyalty of our schools is their contribution of nearly $16,000 to the Missionary Fund ($15,905), and over $1,600 for the aid of poor schools.* This aid is disbursed by the Sunday School Board, of which the S. S. Editor is Secretary. This Fund makes about 200 grants of books and papers a year, involving a correspondence of about 600 letters. It is cause for gratitude to God that the Methodist Church is doing its full share in training up the children of this nation in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; and that over half of all the Protestant schools and scholars, and nearly half of the teachers, in the Dominion and Island of Newfoundland, belong to that Church. The assistance in supporting poor schools and in planting new ones, furnished by the Sunday School Aid and Extension Fund, has to a considerable degree contributed to this result, and in this special work that Fund will be increasingly useful in the future.

THE BRITISH ELECTIONS.

The attention of the civilized world has been directed to the Parliamentary elections in Great Britain and

* In addition to this, $73,503 has been expended in the maintenance of these schools, and of their libraries, which report 253,135 volumes.

Ireland. From the banks of the Irrawaddy to the banks of the Senegal the foreign policy of England depends largely on the result ; and in every shire and town and hamlet of the three kingdoms the home policy will be affected. Seldom, if ever, has a more strenuous struggle occurred. At the time of this writing the Parnellites seem to be complete masters of the situation, and to be in a position to dictate terms to both parties. It is a strange irony of history which makes the existence of both of these great historic parties depend upon the will of a small but compact Irish "National" party. What shall be the outcome no man can forecast. Doubtless, the "Conservative reaction" is largely due to the election cry, "The Church is in danger." But the adoption of that cry may do much to precipitate the very danger it was designed to avert. Unquestionably the time for the disestablishment of a Church which is no longer the Church of the nation, or even of the majority of the nation, is hastening. It is hard to see the justice of giving a place in the supreme councils of the nation to a bench of bishops, when the clergy of every other Church are debarred any place therein. If the clergy of the Established Church had as a body exhibited tolerance, courtesy, and Christian fraternity from the time of Wesley down, that Church would be in less danger of disestablishment at the present time. But the persecution of Methodists and other Nonconformists, the usurpation of the control of the national graveyards, and the drift Romewards of a large section of that Church, have alienated the sympathies of a large mass of the people.

But disestablishment and disendowment, we think, would be the best thing that could happen to that Church. It would remove the sense of unjust discrimination which many of the Nonconformists feel. It would cause to spring up among its supporters fountains of liberality which would bless them that give and them that take. It would greatly promote the spirituality, evangelism, and energy of that Church ; and, by depriving its clergy of an imaginary superiority over those in every sense, in gifts and grace and learning, their peers, it would tend to promote Christian equality, and courtesy, and fraternal co-operation.

Scott Act Defeats.

We regret, of course, the two recent defeats which the Scott Act has sustained. But in one case the voters were largely French Canadian Roman Catholics, whose race prejudices were strongly appealed to by the local liquor interests—chiefly French—to secure the rejection of the Act. In the other case, at St. Catharines, the electors were largely influenced by reports of the inefficiency of the Act in Halton and elsewhere. These reports were in many cases—as the Rev. D. V. Lucas, Secretary of the Dominion Alliance, has shown by official statistics—either false or grossly exaggerated. And if in any cases they are true, it is certainly not by the connivance of the friends of Temperance, but through the lawlessness of the enemies of the Act. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance to secure the observance of the law, and to guard with the utmost vigilance against the efforts of the liquor party to set it at defiance.

There may be, here and there, local eddies in the onsweeping stream of temperance reform, but the tide is rising higher and higher. "What does this temperance wave mean?" asked an Iowa rum-seller. "What is it going to amount to?" "It's as wide as the continent," was the answer, "and a mile deep. Can you *swim?*" And that rising tide, we believe, shall sweep away the last vestige of the guilty traffic, as the waters of the flood overwhelmed the wickedness of the antediluvian world.

One of the grandest victories which the temperance reform ever won was the passage of a prohibitory law at Atlanta, Georgia, the capital of the State, and headquarters of the liquor interest. The conflict was most strenuous. All the powers of evil were rallied against the friends of

temperance and humanity. But the influence of faith and prayer, and of earnest Christian effort, gloriously prevailed. And so will it be even in the strongholds of the traffic. The moral forces of the age are against it. All the influences that make for righteousness oppose it. The widow's tears and orphan's cries, and the bitter wrongs of the victims of intemperance, invoke the wrath of Heaven upon it. The unselfish efforts of the most earnest-hearted lovers of their kind are leagued for its overthrow. Opposed to these are the selfishness, and greed for gold, and lustful appetites of evil men. And what the issue of this conflict shall be, it is not hard for the eye of faith to see.

" For right is right, while God is God,
And right the day shall win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The Wesleyans and other bodies of Methodists in Great Britain now number 762,594, an increase of 5,041 during the year.

On a recent Sunday the Rev. Owen Watkins, a missionary in South Africa, baptized 54 adults, all converted from heathenism during the year, and also 31 children. At the same time he married seven couples.

Some of the leading circuits in North Ceylon are not only self-supporting, but are establishing missions of their own for the purpose of evangelizing the outlying tracts of country.

The mission in Ashanti has been re-established, with every prospect of success.

The Home Missionary Report has just been issued. The income for the year is $193,940, and the expenditure $189,505. More than one-third of the circuits receive aid from this fund, 12 ministers are wholly supported by it to give special attention to Wesleyans in the Army and Navy, besides two Connexional evangelists and 24 district missionaries. It is estimated that in five circuits in the East of London, established and fostered by this fund, there are now ten additional ministers, 10,000 additional sittings, 6,000 additional Sunday-school scholars, and 2,500 additional church members.

From the Sunday-school Union Report, we learn that the present number of Wesleyan Sunday-schools in Great Britain is 6,659, an increase of 58. The cost of maintaining these schools is $371,295. The total number of officers and teachers is 125,582. The total number of scholars is 862,279, an increase of 9,820, or more than 162,000 in ten years.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Missionary Committee recently met in New York to make the appropriations for the current year. Chaplain McCabe is sanguine that the income will be one million of dollars by the end of December. The debt has been reduced $55,519.62, but there is still a balance of $90,885.58. There is an increase of income of $95,702. The appropriations, including the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society and Home Missionary Society, aggregate $1,250,000. The Bishops who have been travelling abroad gave interesting accounts respecting their visits. Bishop Foss is about to proceed to Europe and visit the Conferences in various parts of that continent. Secretary McCabe says that of the 1,800,000 members, 1,000,000 give nothing to missions.

Recently 14 missionaries, male and female, sailed from New York to India *via* Liverpool, and four others were shortly to follow.

For five years, every night in the year, with no exception, well attended and earnest gospel meetings have been held at 36 Bowery, New York. On a recent Sunday afternoon and evening the room was filled to celebrate the fifth anniversary. Wonderful testimonies were given by some men who had been rescued from degrading sins, and brief addresses were made by clergymen and laymen. This mission has been greatly blessed.

Dr. R. S. Maclay presided over the Japan Conference in September. The membership is 1,254, an increase of 357. Baptism of adults and children, 450. The past year has been a bad one financially for the Japanese. Charles Maclay, once a Methodist itinerant, has accumulated wealth, and now proposes to give 30 acres of valuable land at San Fernando, California, to erect an institute building and a president's house of brick with stone trimming, and to add a present gift of $100,000 to inaugurate the school as the theological department in Southern California University.

Methodist Episcopal Church South.

Miss Laura Haygood, one of the lady missionaries in China, has undertaken to establish in Shanghai a High School for girls and a Mission Home, a sort of training school for the late recruits in the mission work.

The Rev. Y. J. Allen, D.D., is appealing for 150 missionaries to be sent to China as speedily as possible, as he feels sure that such is the feeling of the Chinese that all the number asked for could soon secure attentive congregations.

A missionary in Mexico writes a very encouraging letter respecting the progress of missionary labours in that country. In the meantime popery is very active. On a recent Sunday a priest burnt several copies of the Scriptures.

The Methodist Church.

The Rev. H. S. Matthews, Superintendent of the Bracebridge District, dedicated a beautiful hewed log church, in the latter end of October, which is the fourth church he has dedicated in Muskoka during the last fifteen months.

The large deficiency of missionary income recently reported is causing many circuits to put forth vigorous efforts to increase the income, and it is gratifying to learn that they are successful. Larger amounts could easily be raised on many circuits if a little more system in the mode of collecting was observed. Surely an income of $250,000 this year is not too much to ask for.

Methodism in Toronto is in a healthy condition. Euclid Avenue and Gerrard Street Churches are being enlarged. Carlton Street Church also is about to furnish additional accommodation. The congregation in Sherbourne Street is too large for the edifice, and so there must either be a new church or an enlargement. Our readers are aware that a new church is in course of erection at Parkdale, and we understand a site has been secured for a new church at Brockton. Two of the congregations have recently set a good example, both to town and country churches, which they would do well to follow, viz., Carlton Street has increased the stipend to $2,000, and Berkeley Street has added $300 to the pastor's salary for the current year.

The Spadina Avenue Church is about to be enlarged, for which purpose the pastor a few weeks ago asked for a collection of $3,000 and on the Sunday on which the collection was taken up the amount laid on the plates was $3,500. If there was such a plate collection taken in Canada equal to this we do not know it.

The Rev. David Savage and one of his bands have been labouring with much success at the Carlton Street Church. He has some score of these bands at work in different parts of the province, and estimates that through their influence not less than

20,000 souls have been brought to a knowledge of the truth.

Items.

The Holiness Association recently held its annual meeting at Galt. Some new members were added and all the services were of a rich spiritual character.

A recent journal says news has just been received from the Congo that the mission steamboat *Peace* has returned, without mishap of any kind, from a journey up the Congo of nearly 4,000 miles. It brings back most encouraging intelligence. The whole country on both banks of this noble river is said to be open to missionaries for the preaching of the Gospel. The Congo region discovery promises to mark an epoch in modern history. All the reports are encouraging.

Death Roll.

The Rev. William McFadden, one of the most venerable and best beloved of our superannuated ministers, has been called from labour to reward. He died Dec. 7th, in the 80th year of his age, at the residence of his son-in-law, George Graham, Esq., Brampton. He began to labour as a Chairman's supply, at Augusta, in 1832, and continued for forty years to serve the Church in some of its most important town and country appointments. For eleven years of this time he was Chairman of his District. Since 1872 he has held a superannuated relation, residing most of the time at Brampton. He was a fine type of a faithful Methodist preacher, greatly beloved, and a man of much usefulness and of unswerving fidelity to God and His cause. On Dec. 9th devout men bore him to his burial, the Rev. Wm. Briggs, President of the Conference, Revs. Dr. Potts, James Gray, John Douse, and M. Fawcett taking part in the funeral services, while many of his ministerial brethren came long distances to pay their tribute of respect to his memory.

Rev. Henry W. Holland, Wesleyan minister, died at Liverpool on Sunday, November 8th, in the sixtieth year of his age and the thirty-seventh of his ministry. He was only ill a fortnight. He was a minister of more than ordinary ability and always commanded the best circuits. He took special interest in young men. Several years ago he became distinguished as a writer by a series of brilliant articles in the *Cornhill Magazine*. He was a frequent contributor to several magazines. His intellectual attainments were such that at one time he was spoken of for Theological Tutor.

Rev. Thomas Rump, of St. Catharines, a superannuated minister of the Niagara Conference, has been called to his reward. Previous to the union of 1874 he was a minister of the New Connexion Church, and was at that date on the superannuated list, a relation which he has held ever since. He travelled from 1837 to 1858. He was a man of meek and quiet spirit, and joyously waited the summons to his eternal rest.

We very much regret that we overlooked at the time the removal by death of the Rev. Wm. Fletcher, Ph.B., which occurred September 17th. Brother Fletcher was a young man of more than ordinary ability. He was an earnest student and gave promise of great usefulness, but the Master called him away to the great regret of the Church and his sorrowing family; but they do not sorrow as those who have no hope. The event occurred at the parsonage, Sheddon, London Conference. Our departed brother was only in the ninth year of his ministry.

Book Notices.

A Naturalist's Wanderings in the Eastern Archipelago: A Narrative of Travel and Exploration, from 1878 to 1883. By HENRY O. FORBES, F.R.G.S., with numerous illustrations, 8vo., pp. xx.-536. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $5.00.

The islands of Sumatra, Java, Floris, Timur, Celebes, Papua, and others in the Sunda and Banda Seas, through which for five years Mr. Forbes wandered and explored, offer probably the finest field for the naturalist on the face of the earth. The strange forms and striking character and manifold profusion of animal and vegetable life are a perpetual stimulus and delight. The singular savage or semi-civilized native races, with their remarkable institutions, furnish data for ethnological and sociological studies. To these subjects Mr. Forbes, who had a distinguished reputation as a naturalist before he went out, gave special attention, and in this handsome volume he places the result in our hands. He penetrated the interiors, dwelt among the natives, trapped and hunted the strange fauna, and carefully studied the brilliant flora. The people of these spice islands of the summer seas might easily be rich, by the cultivation of pepper, coffee, etc., if they were not so inordinately given to cock-fighting and gambling, and so abominably lazy.

A curious illustration of the influence of Western civilization is the almost universal presence in the native huts of American coal-oil and oil lamps, and of English matches and calicoes. Early in 1883 Mr. Forbes was joined by the lady who became his wife, and immediately set out on an exploration of the Moluccas and Timur Laut Islands—surely the strangest honeymoon trip that was ever made. The fair naturalist—for Mrs. Forbes was also an adept in this delightful study—became quite a favourite with the native tribes. At Fatunaba the intrepid lady remained alone while her husband penetrated the interior. During his absence she fell ill. A number of natives invaded her house, but she bravely writes, "What a strange experience for an unprotected woman, on a lonely hillside, thus surrounded by a number of savages, and helpless from fever!" Her servant forsook her, she was often delirious, her coal-oil failed and she was unable to prepare even her simple meal of rice, and she feared lest the rats should devour her before her husband's return. But help happily came before it was too late. So much will the love of science enable brave hearts to dare and do. Yet similar missionary zeal is often called fanatical enthusiasm. In those Southern seas there is a vast field, almost untouched, for missionary labour. Though nature is lavish with her wealth of spices and fruits, the people are to a large extent savage and pagan.

"In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone."

To the naturalist this book is of especial value. To the ethnologist it yields much curious information. To those fond of adventure it offers its attractions of tiger hunting and wild sport. The splendid orchids, and gorgeous plumage of the tropical birds, of which a coloured plate is given, and the strange simulations of insect life are copiously treated and illustrated by wood engravings. Several coloured maps are also given.

In the Trades, the Tropics, and the Roaring Forties. By LADY BRASSEY. 8vo., pp. xvi.-532, with 292 engravings on wood. Price, $5.00 London: Longmans & Co.

The readers of this MAGAZINE

have followed with intense interest the story of the voyage of the yacht *Sunbeam* around the world. In the present volume the accomplished writer of that fascinating narrative gives an account of another 14,000 miles' journey, made in the year 1883. Its interest is no less absorbing than that of her previous volume. It records varied incidents of travel and adventure in Spain, Madeira, Trinidad, Venezuela, Jamaica, Cuba, and through the Bahamas, the Bermudas, and the Azores. Everywhere Lady Brassey was enabled to see, as most travellers are not able, whatever is worth seeing in those "Summer isles of Eden, lying in dark purple spheres of seas." She describes with keenest zest their marvellous flora and fauna and scenery, and the *grotesqueries* of their many-coloured inhabitants. The illustrations are the most sumptuous we have ever seen in a book of travel. For delicacy of engraving and poetry of conception they are exquisite. The very texture of foliage, flowers, plumage, shells and the like is wonderfully rendered, while the moonlight, sunset, sunrise, and night effects on land and sea we have never seen equalled by the engraver's burin.

Students' Ecclesiastical History. Part I. The History of the Christian Church during the First Ten Centuries. By PHILIP SMITH, B.A., pp. 618, with 79 illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price, $1.50.

There is no more important and instructive history than that which records the growth and development of the Christian Church, its overthrow of paganism, the enthronement of a Christian emperor on the seat of the Cæsars, and the sad sequel of the corruption of the primitive purity, and eclipse of faith during the dark ages. All this Mr. Smith has told with succinctness and clearness in this volume. For those who have not time to read the large and expensive works of Moshiem, Neander, Milman, and Schaff, it furnishes an admirable compendium. The sketches of the early persecutions, of the Christian Fathers and Christian literature, of the early heresies and controversies, of the planting and decline of the Eastern Church, and of the conversion of Europe and founding of the Papacy and of the Holy Roman Empire, will be found sufficiently full for all except specialist students. This and its companion volume, bringing the record down to the Reformation, are the best apparatus for the popular study of ecclesiastical history that we know.

After London; or, Wild England. By RICHARD JEFFERIES, pp. 442. New York: Cassell & Co. (Limited). Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

This is a most extraordinary book. It purports to describe the relapse of England into barbarism, after the destruction of London and all the large towns and cities, and the flight of their inhabitants. The tramps and gipsies, and a few scattered country-folk who could not escape, form the new population. The tramps become a race of wild Bushmen. The country becomes a wild thicket. A few tribal families gather into stockaded villages, and preserve some faint trace of refinement, civilization, and religion. A great lake occupies the centre of the country, caused by the obstruction of the Thames through the utter demolition of the world-metropolis, London, whose festering emanations breathe a malaria which makes the whole region a desolation. Warlike bands of wild Welsh and Scotch, and incursions of Irish pirates, terrorize the whole region. The first part of the book, describing the relapse into barbarism, is much better than the second part, describing certain adventures which take place in Wild England. The story ends quite too abruptly. A Defoe-like imagination is exhibited in many of the descriptions. It is a pleasure to read a book so admirably printed as this.

Mythology of Greece and Rome, with special reference to its use in Art. From the German of O. LEEMAN. Edited by G. H. BIANCHI, B.A. 12mo., pp. 311, 64 illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 60 cents.

The mythology of Greece and Rome has coloured the language and literature of every nation in Europe. It is impossible to understand many of the allusions, both of poetry and prose, even of the daily newspapers, without some knowledge of those ancient faiths that moulded the thought of the two greatest nations of antiquity. Of course the college student can pick out his mythology from his costly classical dictionaries, but for the million some book like this was needed. And this well meets the need. It observes a judicious reticence with respect to some features of ancient mythology, and it gives as much as is necessary of the character and attributes of the gods of Olympus, of the sea and earth and underworld, and the ancient cosmogony and mythic legends of the Greek heroes and demigods. The engravings are very fine, and give a clear conception of the most famous statues and *bas reliefs* of antiquity.

Lenore. By EDGAR ALLAN POE, illustrated by HENRY SANDHAM. Small 4to., cloth, full gilt. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

Poe's weird and mystical poem, Lenore, has here found a fit setting. Canada may well feel proud of the distinguished artist, Henry Sandham, whose facile touch is seen in so much of the best art work of the day. He has entered into the very spirit of the poem, and has finely interpreted its varied moods of rapture and despair. There is a pathos in the picture illustrating the line, "Let the bell toll—a saintly soul floats on the Stygian river," that touches every heart. The angelic choir chanting "an anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young" is very lovely. Not less so is the drift of angels sweeping through the air, and especially the rapture of the finally saved "from grief and moan to a golden throne, beside the King of Heaven." The very texture of the long, rippling hair is exquisitely rendered.

The Eve of St. Agnes. By JOHN KEATS, illustrated by EDMUND H. GARRETT. Small 4to., cloth, full gilt. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

Still more famous than Poe's "Lenore" is the companion poem, Keats' classic "Eve of St. Agnes." Mr. Garrett's twenty-four illustrations tell the story as vividly as the poet's charming verses. Among those especially worthy of note are the ancient beadsman, the embodiment of venerable age; the three old crones recounting the legend of the Saint, a wonderful contrast of withered age and youthful beauty; the three nuns weaving, like mystical Fates, St. Agnes' wool; and, above all, the lovely figure of Madeline kneeling at prayer in a flood of moonlight, pouring through the painted panes, "and on her hair a glory like a saint." In both these books Mr. Andrews' burin has finely interpreted both the artist's and the poet's thought. They are elegant holiday volumes.

Abundant Grace. Selected Addresses by Rev. P. MCKAY, M.A. 12mo., pp. 232, with portrait. Toronto: S. R. Briggs. Price $1.00.

The untimely death of its devoted author gives this posthumous work a pathetic interest. Mr. McKay, well known from his evangelistic visits to Canada and the United States, died from injuries received while boarding a steamer, on a dark night, at Portree, in Scotland. He was best known as the author of that popular book, "Grace and Truth," of which over 200,000 copies were sold. The present volume is characterized by the same earnest, evangelical spirit, simplicity of style, and clearness of illustration. No one can read it without being religiously quickened and benefited.

Sweet Cicely; or, Josiah Allen as a Politician. By Josiah Allen's Wife (MARIETTA HOLLEY). Pp. 381, illustrated. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Cloth, full gilt, square 12mo. Price $2.00.

We have an antipathy to books of humour which are humourous and nothing more—which have no moral purpose. From that objection this book is free. While it sparkles with humour it has an intensely earnest purpose, and the story of "Sweet Cicely" is one of tragic pathos. Early left the widow of a rich drunkard, she devotes her life to a crusade against the demon vice that slew her husband, and menaces her darling boy. But every step is thwarted by the agents of the traffic. Her fortune is used by the legal guardian of her boy to run rum saloons and bribe the electorate. Her personal efforts at Washington among the law makers are thwarted and ridiculed. The whole influence of the Government is in favour of the guilty traffic, and against the mothers of the land who want to save their boys. Political life utterly demoralizes simple Uncle Josiah. The strongest character in the work is shrewd Aunt Samantha, whose wit is as biting and keen as that of George Eliot's immortal Mrs. Poyser, and is used incisively against all social and moral abuses and wrongs. Ever and anon our author drops her quaint dialect, and rises to a height of womanly eloquence and indignation and prophecy that makes the blood tingle in our veins as we read. The hundred clever engravings of the book add greatly to its interest. The pictured face of Sweet Cicely, and the thought of her tragic fate, haunt the memory long after we have closed the book.

The New King Arthur. By the author of "The Buntling Ball." Square 12mo., pp. 164. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $1.50.

Although this book is in a higher vein of literary art than "Sweet Cicely," it is inferior in moral purpose. It is a very clever parody on Tennyson's immortal "Idyls of the King," catching sometimes his very trick of phrase, and the music of his songs, and is prefaced by an audacious dedication to the laureate. It is elegantly printed, with red-lined borders; but it strikes us as too elaborate a joke. It can be said to amuse, but it will do nothing more. So elegant a book should have a nobler *raison d'être* than that.

LITERARY NOTES.

The price of the "New Pictorial History of the United States," by the HON. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, is $4.75 in cloth, $6.00 in leather. It will be sent to any part of Canada at these figures by the publishers, B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va.

The Popular Science Monthly (New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $5.00 a year) maintains in the early numbers of its 28th volume its well-earned reputation. It fills a niche of its own, and is simply indispensable to any who will keep abreast of the marvellous progress of current science.

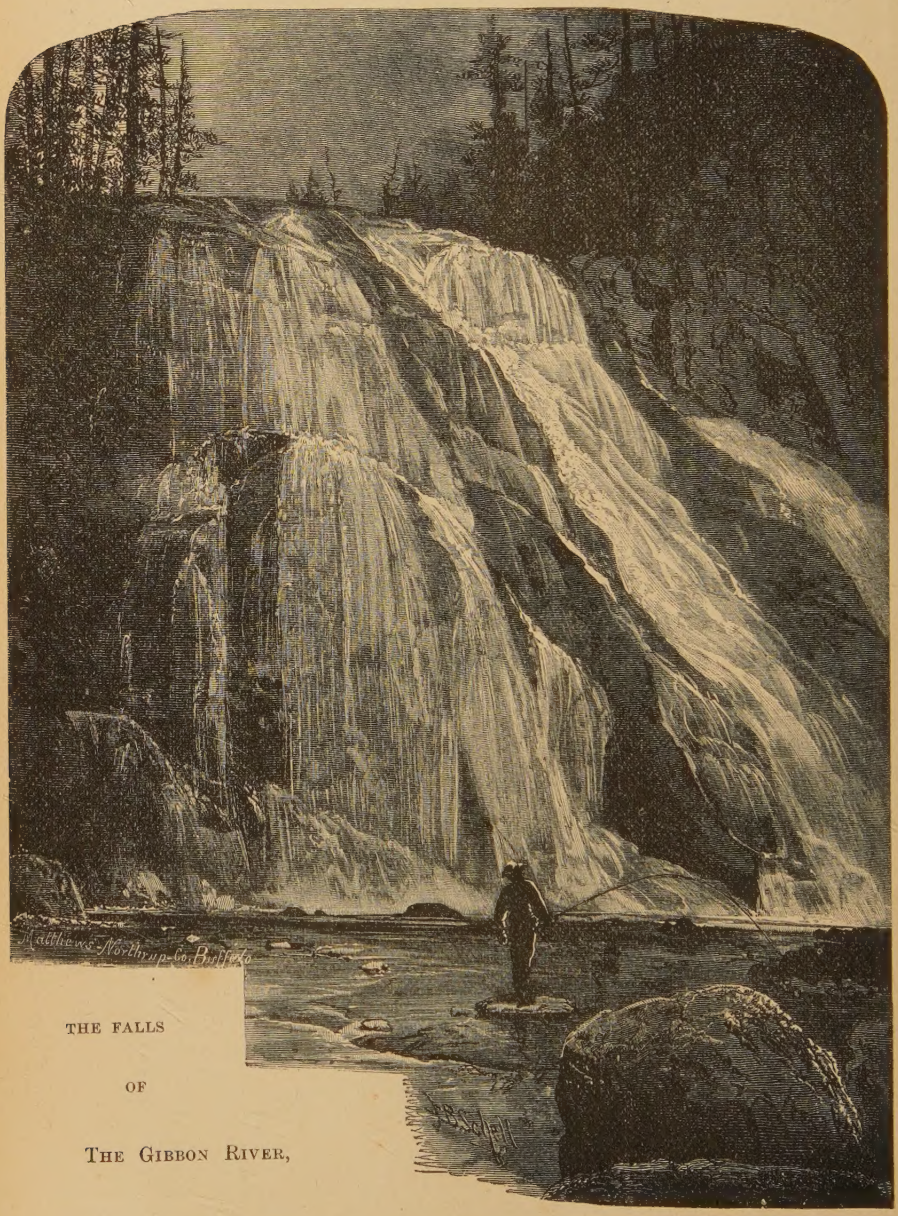
The Magazine of Art (4to., pp. 48, $3.50. New York: Cassell & Co., Limited) begins the 9th volume with a superb number. The photo-engraving after Ruysdael is exquisite, and the oriental pieces after Waterhouse, and illustrations of art in Egypt are *chefs d'œuvre* of engraving.

The Quiver and *Family Magazine*, by the same enterprising house, are models of elegant illustration and skilful editing.

The Atlantic Monthly (Boston: Houghton & Mifflin; $4.00 a year) devotes a good deal of attention to Canada as a literary field. Howells may be said to have discovered for the *Atlantic* its rich fund of material. Two recent numbers contain admirable sketches of French-Canadian life—one, "The Ogre of Ha Ha Bay," the other, in the December number, a touching sketch of life at St. Athanase on the Richelieu, at Montreal, and at an Indian Mission in the far North-West.

WONDERLAND AND BEYOND.

BY JOHN T. MOORE.



THE FALLS

OF

THE GIBBON RIVER,

IN THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.